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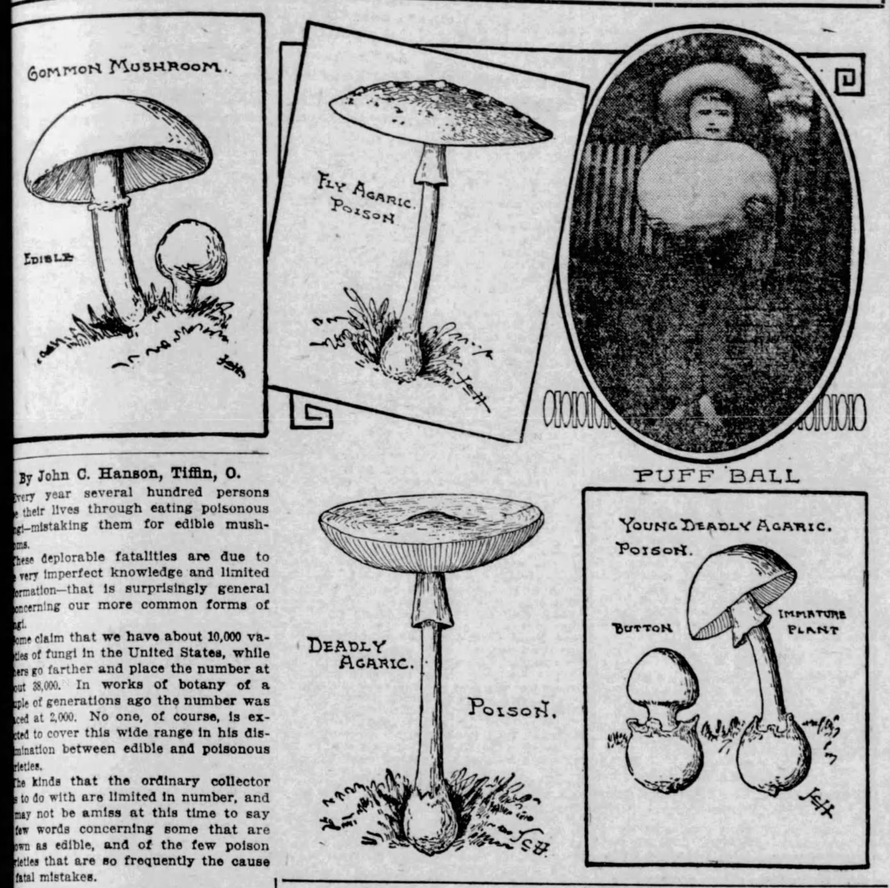
MUSHROOMS — EDIBLE AND POISONOUS VARIETIES



By John C. Hanson, Tiffin, O.

Every year several hundred persons lose their lives through eating poisonous fungi—mistaking them for edible mushrooms.

These deplorable fatalities are due to a very imperfect knowledge and limited information—that is surprisingly general concerning our more common forms of fungi.

Some claim that we have about 10,000 varieties of fungi in the United States, while others go farther and place the number at about 38,000. In works of botany of a couple of generations ago the number was placed at 2,000. No one, of course, is expected to cover this wide range in his discrimination between edible and poisonous varieties.

The kinds that the ordinary collector has to do with are limited in number, and may not be amiss at this time to say a few words concerning some that are known as edible, and of the few poison varieties that are so frequently the cause of fatal mistakes.

Most Common Mushrooms.

Of the edible varieties the common mushroom, or Agaricus Campestris, is the best known and most widely distributed of all known species. It is scattered over Continental Europe, England, and America. It belongs to the Agaricina group of the Hymenomycetes, or toadstool family, which includes all the gill bearing, parasol shaped fungi.

It must be remembered, however, that there is no difference between a mushroom and a toadstool, as they are one and the same thing, but to the ordinary mind the edible variety is a mushroom—while the poisonous ones are regarded as toadstools.

When once acquainted with the campestris or common mushroom, it is difficult to mistake it for another variety. It is usually found in meadows or lands that have been used for grazing, and shows a decided partiality for sheep pasture. It grows from two to three inches in height, has a white solid stalk, usually of uniform thickness, with white pileus or cap bearing pink gills, which with advancing maturity turn from light to dark brown.

The pileus in the mature plant is convex, but assumes a flattened appearance as it grows older. The immature and unexpanded mushroom is small and globular and is known as a button, and is many preferred to the adult mushroom. Persons inexperienced in the gathering of the fungi should, as a general rule, beware of the button lest poisonous varieties be included. But if the button of the campestris be split, the embryo gills will disclose the pink color which is characteristic of this species.

Most Abundant Now.

This mushroom may be found during all the summer months, but is most abundant in August and September.

From the fact that the gills of the campestris are pink or brown many conclude that all fungi that have pink or brown gills are edible. To believe this may lead to fatal mistakes.

Following like lines—because the well known of some species have white gills many believe that all that have white gills are poisonous. This also is an error.

One of our best edible varieties, the Horse-tail Mushroom, or Coprinus Comatus, is white gilled, but as it matures the outer edges of the gills become pink, and the later turn black—shortly after which the gills, pileus and stalk dissolve into a jet black slimy fluid. In earlier days it has been used as ink, and even now could be recognized as a fairly good writing fluid.

This species usually stands quite high, with a white cylindrical pileus that is covered with patches of white fibrous like scales. This is one of the striking characteristics of this species, and the cap, or head never fully expands as do the other varieties, but remains a partially closed umbrella. The stalk is white and hollow, and usually at the lower edge of the gills there is a loose ring around the stalk. This species is of very rapid growth and decays quickly, hence it should be used soon after it is gathered.

The comatus, or Horse-Tail, makes its appearance in autumn and is found in many places and along roadsides. There are several other varieties of this that may be found during all the summer months, growing on or near manure heaps, around stumps, etc. These are very indifferent, quickly and watery and decay quickly.

The Puff Ball.

Another widely distributed edible fungus is the Puff Ball of the Gastereomycetes family. The most common species of this is the Lycoperdon Cyathiforme, which is usually found in pastures and other grassy places. They have no stalk, but sit flat upon the ground, are globular, usually white, but sometimes of a dull brown codor, and are several inches in diameter. There are a number of other varieties, but probably the most strinking is the Giant Puff Ball or Lycoperdon Giganteum.

This grows to such enormous proportions that one specimen is capable of supplying food for several persons. This is not found over a very wide range of territory, though it is quite common in some parts of the Pacific slope. Many very large specimens have been found in Southern Ohio. Last year the writer secured one of this species that measured 18 inches in circumference. This is shown in the illustration.

The exterior of the giant puff ball is white and smooth, the interior white, soft and moist, and in texture very much resembles marshmallow.

Both species mentioned lose their edible properties as they grow older and become pithy and granular. Advancing from the granular condition the interior becomes a greenish yellow, and later, brown, then dry and fibrous, when the exterior cracks and brown smoke like spores are emitted—which serves as means of propogation.

There is another very highly prized edible fungus that must not be omitted—the Morel or Morchella Esculenta, which many call the Spring or Sponge Mushroom.

This is the first to make its appearance, and it does in the spring and early summer. It is light buff or brown in color, and has a rough, honey-combed looking exterior, and is of irregular shape, being hollow. The stem, also hollow, is usually lighter than the body and is usually covered with a fine granular substance. They are found in grassy places and near trees and show a preference for places that have been burned over. The Morel is perhaps the most favorably regarded of all our edible fungi, and it is also the best species to any for culinary use. There are a number of these, slightly differing from each other, but all are edible.

A Dangerous Plant.

The two most dangerous species that the ordinary collector most frequently meets—and which cause more deaths than all others combined—are the Fly Agaric and the Deadly Agaric. The Fly Agaric or Amanita Muscaria is usually taller than the edible mushroom, and has a white hollow stalk with bulbous base. The gills are always white—the pileus or top varies in color from a pale yellow to orange or scarlet, and is mottled with small wart-like patches that may be easily scraped off, leaving the pileus uninjured.

When old, the color, instead of being yellow or scarlet changes to a light buff, drab or dirty white. Around the upper part of the stalk directly beneath the gills hangs a loose white veil from one-half to an inch in length. This is very fragile and in some older ones it is missing. This veil is one of the distinguishing signs of the dangerously poison species and should be well remembered by the amateur collector.

This species just mentioned has been frequently used to destroy flies—hence its name. If the gills and pileus are bruised and sprinkled with sugar, the result is a very effective fly poison.

The toxic property of this fungus is violently irritant and attacks a person very soon after eating with symptoms very similar to that of strychnine poisoning. There is no known antidote for this, but the immediate use of an emetic or stomach pump may often save the patient.

The other important poisonous species, so often the cause of trouble, is the Deadly Agaric or Amanita Phalloides, which very much resembles the preceding dangerous agaric as regards the bulbous base, white hollow stalk, and white filmy veil at top of stalk.

Its gills are also white, but the pileus, instead of being yellow or red is usually white, but often varies in color from a pale greenish olive to drab, and in the adult state is flattened or even concave, with the central portion slightly elevated or mound shaped. But before full development it is convex and somewhat resembles the fly agaric in shape.

It is probable that these two agarics, so easily distinguished, cause more deaths than all other poisonous species combined; hence the inexperienced collector should remember their distinguishing features, viz: the white gills, the bulbous base, and the white veil surrounding the upper part of the stalk.

This latter specimen, the Deadly Agaric, carries a narcotic poison and is the most dangerous species known. Its poisonous effects are not observable until a number of hours after eating, perhaps eight or ten. If a sufficient quantity has been consumed the nerve centers are then affected, causing stupor, coma, then death.

Antidote Unknown.

There being no known antidote for this, the victim's recovery must depend upon the skill and patience of his physician. Of all vegetables used for food there seems to be a more imperfect knowledge concerning mushrooms than any other. Along this line, some imagine that a radical difference exists between the toadstool and the mushroom, whereas, as mentioned before, there is no difference whatever, as they are one and the same thing. All parasol shaped, gill bearing fungi are agarics or toadstools.

There are also marvelous tales told of the rapidity of growth which generally have no foundation as a matter of fact. The coprinus species, and its thin watery kindred, may spring up and partially expand in a night, and this is probably all. Some require days, weeks, and some of the more leathery and woody species, even years before full maturity is reached.

Concerning tests for poison, some claim that if the pileus can be readily peeled the specimen is edible; or if boiled in salt water, or vinegar, or acidulated water, or milk, or if an onion be boiled with them, the poison, if any, will be removed.

Or if a silver coin or spoon is placed in the mushrooms and it becomes tarnished, it indicates poison. All these tests are misleading and unreliable and may lead to serious results.

It is not the part of wisdom to attempt to doctor up foods that we believe to be primarily poison, unless forced to by shortage of our staple varieties.

In the foregoing but types of a very few of our best known species have been presented. Of course, there are variants of these, and thousands of others. But these embrace the ones most commonly met with in this latitude and locality—the few most commonly used for table purposes—and the two most deadly varieties that have caused so many fatalities.

It is a regrettable oversight that such scant attention is given to fungi. They have attractive features other than their uses as a table delicacy.

If the amateur botanist desires beauty in form and color he should go to the woods and fields and in his search, he will find fungi whose color will rival the most gorgeous tropical blossoms, in brilliancy—pinks, yellows, browns, purples, crimson and scarlet, in all hues and shapes, pleasing and graceful, and others most curious and fantastic.

NINETY YEARS OLD, STILL WIELDS PEN

In his ninetieth year and yet daily at the editorial desk, is the remarkable distinction of William Osman, of the Ottawa (Ill.) Free Trader. He is the oldest editor in the west, if not in all the United states, and bids fair to outlast all those sturdy newspaper men of the pioneer era in Illinois, who labored so faithfully to bring that state to the front and call the attention of the world to the glories of Illinois.

WILLIAM OSMAN

Death has been thinning the ranks of these veterans. Two who have been prominent, have died within the present summer. Benjamin W. Seaton of Cambridge and Charles Holt of Kankakee. Other veterans, who are still in the harness, yet many years junior to Mr. Osman, are Benjamin Shaw of Dixon; Edwin Dyson of Rushville; Frank Sapp of Ottawa; Smith D. Atkins of Freeport; Charles Bent of Morrison; I. H. Cook of Hennepin and George Burt of Henry. All have been forty years or longer in the newspaper work, but they are infants in comparison with Mr. Osman, who has been in the harness for nearly sixty years.

Mr. Osman was born in Dauphine county, Penn., June 15, 1818, and when a youth of twenty came west to make his fortune. He drifted into Ottawa and secured work with the Free Trader, which had just been established and which has been regularly published since. Mr. Osman has been employed and also connected, as owner, of that publication ever since. He has always been actively at work upon the paper except for a period of a year and three months, when he saw service in the Mexican war, with the First regiment of Illinois infantry. He was first employed as type setter but his ability as a writer, was soon brought to the attention of the proprietor and he became a reporter and editorial writer. In the course of time, he purchased the plant and with his son, has conducted it since.

Editor Osman is perhaps the best known of all the inland newspaper men of Illinois and his able pen has appealed to untold numbers of readers. It was his aim "to write some earnest verse or line, which, seeking not the praise of art, shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine in the untutored heart." His brain is yet clear and his physical ability but little impaired by the weight of years. Editor Osman, promises to round out the century. He is the Nestor of Illinois editors, a distinguished survivor of the little group of pioneer journalists of a half century ago in his adopted state.

A Love Song.

Speak not to me of parting here.
I will not have it so.
One of us may in some dread year,
Some year of chill and snow,
Pass on. But part? By all above
That shall we never do;
For you are all myself, my Love,
And I am one with you.

You may be called to some far spot,
On some blest errand bent,
And leave me here to moan my lot
In grievous discontent.
But parted? Never! Dire defeat
Dogs those who'd make us two;
For you are all myself, my Sweet,
And I am one with you.

My spirit intertwines with yours,
And yours is woof of mine,
And long as Love itself endures
'Twill find therein a shrine.
No earthly chance can tear apart
Or sever tie so true,
Whilst you are all myself, my Heart,
And I am one with you.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Ainslee's.

EMPEROR'S HEALTH RULE

Eat fruit for breakfast.
Eat fruit for lunch.
Avoid pastry and hot cakes.
Take potatoes only once a day.
Don't drink tea or coffee.
Walk four miles every day, wet or fine.
Take a bath every day.
Wash the face every night in warm water.
Sleep eight hours every night.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER V.

A Strategic Retreat.

The arrival of the duke, aided perhaps by his bearing toward his wife and toward me, had a somewhat curious effect on me. I will not say that I felt at liberty to fall in love with the duchess; but I felt the chain of honor, which had hitherto bound me from taking any advantage of her indiscretion, growing weaker; and I also perceived the possibility of my inclinations beginning to strain on the weakened chain. On this acount, among others, I resolved, as I sat in the pantry drinking a glass of wine with which Suzanne kindly provided me, that my sojourn in the duke's household should be of the shortest. Moreover, I was not amused; I was not a real groom; the maids treated me with greater distance and deference than before; I lost the entertainment of upstairs, and did not gain the interest of downstairs. The absurd position must be ended. I would hear that the duchess wanted of me; then I would go, leaving Lafleur to grapple with his increased labors as best he could. True, I should miss Marie Delhasse. Well, young men are foolish.

"Perhaps," said I to myself with a sigh, "it's just as well."

I did not wait at table that night; the duchess was shut up in her own apartment; the duke took nothing but an omelette and a cup of coffee; these finished, he summoned Suzanne and her assistants to attend him on the bedroom floor, and I heard him giving directions for the lodging of the expected guests. Apparently they were to be received, although the duchess would not receive them. Not knowing what to make of that situation, I walked out into the garden and lit my pipe; I had clung to that in spite of my change of raiment.

Presently Suzanne looked out. A call from the duke proclaimed that she had stolen a moment. She nodded, pointed to the narrow gravel path which led into the shrubbery, and hastily withdrew. I understood, and strolled carelessly along the path till I reached the shrubbery. There another little path, running nearly at right angles to that by which I had come, opened before me. I strolled some little way along, and finding myself entirely hidden from the house by the intervening trees, I sat down on a rude wooden bench to wait patiently till I should be wanted. For the duchess I should have had to wait some time, but for company I did not wait long; after about ten minutes I perceived a small, spare, dark-complexioned man coming along the path toward me and toward the house. He must have made a short cut from the road, escaping the winding of the carriage-way. He wore decent but rather shabby clothes, and carried a small valise in his hand. Stopping opposite to me, he raised his hat and seemed to scan my neat blue brass-buttoned coat and white cords with interest.

"You belong to the household of the duke, sir?" he asked, with a polite lift of his hat.

I explained that I did for the moment.

"Then you think of leaving, sir?"

"I do," I said. "as soon as I can; I am only engaged for the time."

"You do not happen to know, sir, if the duke requires a well-qualified indoor servant? I should be most grateful if you would present me to him. I heard in Paris that a servant had left him; but he started so suddenly that I could not get access to him, and I have followed him here."

"It's exactly what he does want, I believe, sir," said I. "If I were you, I would go to the house and obtain entrance. The duke expects guests tomorrow."

"But yourself, sir? Are not your services sufficient for the present?"

"As you perceive," said I, indicating my attire, " I am not an indoor servant. I am but a makeshift in that capacity."

He smiled a polite remonstrance at my modesty, adding:

"You think, then, I might have a chance?"

"An excellent one, I believe. Turn to the left, there by the chestnut tree, and you will find yourself within a minute's walk of the front door."

He bowed, raised his hat, and trotted off, moving with a quick, shuffling, short-stepping gait. I lit another pipe and yawned. I hoped the duke would engage this newcomer and let me go about my business; and I fancied that he would for the fellow looked dapper, sharp and handy. And the duchess? I was so disturbed to find myself disturbed at the thought of the duchess that I exclaimed:

"By Jove, I'd better go! By Jove, I had!"

A wishing-cap, or rather a hoping-cap—for if a man who is no philosopher may have an opinion, we do not always wish and hope for the same thing—could have done no more for me than the chance of Fate; for at the moment the duke's voice called "Sampson!" loudly from the house. I ran in obedience to his summons. He stood in the porch with the little stranger by him; and the stranger wore a deferential, but extremely well-satisfied smile.

"Here, you," said the duke to me, "you can make yourself scarce as soon as you like. I've got a better servant, aye, and a sober one. There's ten francs for you. Now be off!"

I felt incumbent on me to appear a little aggrieved:

"Am I to go tonight?" I asked "Where can I get to tonight, my lord?"

"What's that to me? I dare say if you stand old Jean a franc, he'll give you a lift to the nearest inn. Tell him he may take a farm horse.

Really the duke was treating me with quite as much civility as I have seen many of my friends extend to their servants. I had nothing to complain of. I bowed, and was about to turn away, when the duchess appeared in the porch.

"What is it, Armand?" she asked "You are sending Sampson away after all?"

"I could not deny your request," said he in mockery. "Moreover, I have found a better servant."

The stranger almost swept the ground in obeisance before the lady of the house.

"You are very changeable," said the duchess.

I saw vexation in her face.

"My dearest, your sex cannot have a monopoly of change. I change a bad servant—as you yourself think him—for a good one. Is that remarkable?"

The duchess said not another word, but turned to the house and disappeared. **The duke followed her. The stranger, with a bow to me, followed him. I was left alone.**

"Certainly I am not wanted," said I to myself; and, having arrived at this conclusion, I sought out old Jean. The old fellow was only too ready to drive me to Avranches or anywhere else for five francs, and was soon busy putting his horse in the shafts. I sought out Suzanne, got her to smuggle my luggage downstairs, gave her a parting present, took off my livery and put on the groom's old suit and was ready to leave the house of M. de Saint-Maclou.

At 9 o'clock my short servitude was ended. As soon as a bend in the road hid me from the house I opened my portmanteau, got out my own clothes, and, sub aethere, changed by raiment, putting on a quiet suit of blue, presenting George Sampson's rather obtrusive garments (which I took the liberty of regarding as a perquisite) to Jean, who received them gladly. I felt at once a different being—so true it is that the tailor makes the man.

"You are well out of that," grunted old Jean. "If he'd discovered you, he'd have had you out and shot you!"

"He is a good shot?"

"Mon Dieu!" said Jean with an expressiveness which was a little disquieting: for it was on the cards that the duke might still find me out. And I was not a practiced shot—not at my fellow-men, I mean. Suddenly I leaped up.

"Good heavens!"I cried. "I forgot! The duchess wanted me. Stop, stop!"

With a jerk Jean pulled up his horse, and gazed at me.

"You can't go back like that," he said, with a grin. "You'll have to put on these clothes again," and he pointed to the discarded suit.

"I very nearly forgot the duchess," said I. To tell the truth, I was at first rather proud of my forgetfulness; it argued a complete triumph over that unruly impulse at which I have hinted. But it also smote me with remorst. I leaped to the ground.

"You must wait while I run back."

"He will shoot you after all," grinned Jean.

"The devil take him!" said I, picturing the poor duchess, utterly forsaken—at the mercy of the Delhasses, husband, and what not.

I declare, as my deliberate opinion, that there is nothing more dangerous than for a man almost to forget a lady who has shown him favor. If he can quite forget her—and will be so unromantic—why, let him, and perhaps small harm done. But almost—— That leaves him at the mercy of every generous self-reproach. He is ready to do anything to prove that she was every second in his memory.

I began to retrace my steps toward the chateau.

"I shall get the sack over this!" called Jean.

"You shall come to no harm by that, if you do," I assured him.

But hardly had I—my virtuous pride now completely smothered by my tender remorse—started on my ill-considered return journey, when, just as had happened to Gustave de Berensac and myself the evening before, a slim figure ran down from the bank by the roadside. It was the duchess. The short cut had served her. She was hardly out of breath this time, and she appeared composed and in good spirits.

"I thought for a moment you'd forgotten me, but I knew you wouldn't do that, Mr. Aycon."

Could I resist such trust?

"Forget you, madame?" I cried. "I would as soon forget——"

"So I knew you'd wait for me."

"Here I am, waiting faithfully," said I.

"That's right," said the duchess. "Take this please, Mr. Aycon."

"This" was a small handbag. She gave it to me, and began to walk toward the cart, where Jean was placidly smoking a long black cheroot.

"You wished to speak to me?" I suggested, as I walked by her.

"I can do it," said the duchess, reaching the cart, "as we go along."

Even Jean took the cheroot from his lips. I jumped back two paces.

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed "As we go along, did you say?"

"It will be better," said the duchess, getting into the cart (unassisted by me, I am sorry to say.) "Because he may find out I'm gone, and come after us, you know."

Nothing seemed more likely; I was bound to admit that.

"Get in, Mr. Aycon," continued the duchess. And then she suddenly began to talk English. "I told him I shouldn't stay in the house if Mlle. Delhasse came. He didn't believe me; well, he'll see now. I couldn't stay, could I? Why don't you get in?"

Half dazed, I got in. I offered no opinion on the question of Mlle. Delhasse; to begin with I knew very little about it; in the second place there seemed to me to be a more pressing question.

"Quick Jean," said the duchess.

And we lumbered on at a trot, Jean twisting his cheroot round and round, and grunting now and again. The old man's face said, plain as words:

"Yes, I shall get the sack, and you'll be shot!"

I found my tongue.

"Was this what you wanted me for?" I asked.

"Of course," said the duchess, speaking French again.

"But you can't come with me!" I cried in unfeigned horror.

The duchess looked up; she fixed her eyes on me for a moment; her eyes grew round, her brows lifted. Then her lips curved; she blushed very red; and she burst into the merriest of laughter.

"Oh, dear!" laughed the duchess. "Oh, what fun, Mr. Aycon!"

"It seems to me rather a serious matter," I ventured to observe. "Leaving out all question of—of what's correct, you know" (I became very apologetic at this point), "it's just a little risky, isn't it?"

Jean evidently thought so; he nodded solemnly over his cheroot.

The duchess still laughed; indeed, she was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"What an opinion to have of me!" she gasped at last. "I'm not coming with you, Mr. Aycon."

I dare say my face showed relief: I don't know that I need be ashamed of that. My change of expression, however, set the duchess a-laughing again.

"I never saw a man look so glad," said she gayly. Yet somewhere, lurking in the recesses of her tone—or was it of her eyes?—there was a little reproach, a little challenge. And suddenly I felt less glad: a change of feeling which I do not seek to defend.

"Then where are you going," I asked in much curiosity.

"I am going," said the duchess, assuming in a moment a most serious air, "into religious retirement for a few days."

"Religious retirement?" I echoed in surprise.

"Are you thinking it is not my metier?" she asked, her eyes gleaming again.

"But where?" I cried.

"Why, there, to be sure." And she pointed to where the square white convent stood on the edge of the bay, under the hill of Avranches. "There, at the convent. The Mother Superior is my friend, and will protect me."

The duchess spoke as though the guillotine were being prepared for her. I sat silent. The situation was becoming too complicated for my understanding. Unfortunately, however, it was to become more complicated still; for the duchess, turning to the English tongue again, laid a hand on my arm and said in her most coaxing tones:

"And you, my dear Mr. Aycon, are going to stay a few days in Avranches."

"Not an hour!" would have expressed the resolve of my intellect. But we are not all intellect; and what I actually said was:

"What for?"

"In case," said the duchess, "I want you, Mr. Aycon."

"I will stay," said I, nodding, "just a few days at Avranches."

We were within half a mile of that town. The convent gleamed white in the moonlight about three hundred yards to the left. The duchess took her little bag, jumped lightly down, kissed her hand to me, and walked off.

Jean had made no comment at all—the duchess' household was hard to surprise. I could make none. And we drove in silence into Avranches.

When there before with Gustave, I had put up at a small inn at the foot of the hill. Now I drove up to the summit and stopped before the principal hotel. A waiter ran out, cast a curious glance at my conveyance, and lifted my luggage down.

"Let me know if you get into any trouble for being late," said I to Jean, giving him another five francs.

He nodded and drove off, still chewing the stump of his cheroot.

"Can I have a room?" I asked, turning to the waiter.

"Certainly, sir," said he, catching up my bag in his hand.

"I am just come," said I, "from Mont St. Michel."

A curious expression spread over the waiter's face. I fancy he knew old Jean and the cart by sight; but he spread out his hands and smiled.

"Monsieur," said he with the incomparable courtesy of the French nation, "has come from wherever monsieur pleases."

"That," said I, giving him a trifle, "is an excellent understanding."

Then I walked into the salle-a-manger, and almost into the arms of an extraordinarily handsome girl who was standing just inside the door.

"This is really an eventful day," I thought to myself.

CHAPTER VI.

A Hint of Something Serious.

Occurrences such as this induce in a man of imagination a sense of sudden shy intimacy. The physical encounter seems to typify and foreshadow some intermingling of destiny. This occurs with peculiar force when the lady is as beautiful as was the girl I saw before me.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said I, with a whirl of my hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lady, with an inclination of her head.

"One is so careless in entering rooms hurriedly," I observed.

"Oh, but it is stupid to stand just by the door!" insisted the lady.

Conscious that she was scanning my appearance, I could but return the compliment. She was very tall, almost as tall as I was myself; you would choose to call her stately, rather than slender. She was very fair, with large lazy blue eyes and a lazy smile to match. In all respects she was the greatest contrast to the Duchess of Saint-Maclou.

"You wer about to pass out?" said I, holding the door.

She bowed; but at the moment another lady—elderly, rather stout, and, to speak it plainly, of homely and unattractive aspect—whom I had not hitherto perceived, called from a table at the other end of the room where she was sitting:

"We ought to start early tomorow."

The younger lady turned her head slowly toward the speaker.

"My dear mother," said she, "I never start early. Besides, this town is interesting—the landlord says so."

"But he wishes us to arrive for dejeuner."

"We will take it here. Perhaps we will drive over in the afternoon—perhaps the next day."

And the young lady gazed at her mother with an air of indifference—or rather it seemed to me strangely like one of aversion and defiance.

"My dear!" cried the elder in consternation. "My dearest Marie!"

"It is just as I thought," said I to myself complacently.

Marie Delhasse—for beyond doubt it was she—walked slowly across the room and sat down by her mother. I took a table nearer the door; the waiter appeared, and I ordered a light supper. Marie poured out a glass of wine from a bottle on the table; apparently they had been supping. They began to converse together in low tones. My repast arriving, I fell to. A few moments later I heard Marie say, in her composed indolent tones:

"I'm not sure I shall go at all. Entre nous, he bores me."

I stole a glance at Mme. Delhasse. Consternation was writ large on her face, and suspicion besides. She gave her daughter a quick side-long glance, and a frown gathered on her brow. So far as I heard, however, she attempted no remonstrance. She rose, wrapping a shawl round her, and made for the door. I sprang up and opened it; she walked out. Marie drew a chair to the fire and sat down with her back to me, toasting her feet—for the summer night had turned chilly. I finished my supper. The clock struck half-past eleven. I stifled a yawn; one smoke, and then to the bed was my program.

Marie Delhasse turned her head half-round.

"You must not," said she, "let me prevent you having your cigaret. I should set you at ease by going to bed, but I can't sleep so early, and upstairs the fire is not lighted."

I thanked her and approached the fire. She was gazing into it meditatively. Presently she looked up.

"Smoke, sir," she said imperiously, but languidly.

I obeyed her, and stood looking down at her, admiring her stately beauty.

"You have passed the day here?" she asked, gazing again into the fire.

"In this neighborhood," said I, with discreet vagueness.

"You have been able to pass the time?"

"Oh, certainly!" That had not been my difficulty.

"There is, of course," she said wearily, "Mont St. Michel. But can you imagine anyone living in such a country?"

"Unless fate set one here——" I began.

"I suppose that's it," she interrupted. "You are going to make a stay here?"

"I am," she answered slowly, "on my way to—I don't know where."

I was scrutinizing her closely now, for her manner seemed to witness more than indolence; irresolution, vacillation, discomfort, asserted their presence. I could not make her out, but her languid indifference appeared more assumed than real.

With another upward glance, she said: "My name is Marie Delhasse."

"It is a well known name," said I with a bow.

"You have heard of me?"

"Yes."

"What?" she asked quickly, wheeling half-round and facing me.

"That you are a great singer," I answered simply.

"Ah, I'm not all voice! What about me? A woman is more than an organ pipe. What about me?"

Her excitement contrasted with the languor she had displayed before.

"Nothing," said I, wondering that she should ask a stranger such a question. She glanced at me for an instant. I threw my eyes up to the ceiling.

"It is false!" she said quietly; but the trembling of her hands belied her composure.

The tawdry gilt clock on the mantelpiece by me ticked through a long silence. The last act of the day's comedy seemed set for a more serious scene.

"Why do you ask a stranger a question like that?" I said at last, giving utterance to the thought that puzzled me.

"Whom should I ask? And I like your face—no, not because it is handsome. You are English, sir?"

"Yes, I am English. My name is Gilbert Aycon."

"Aycon—Aycon! It is a little difficult to say it as you say it."

Her thoughts claimed her again. I threw my cigaret into the fire, and stood waiting her pleasure. But she seemed to have no more to say, for she rose from the seat and held out her hand to me.

"Will you 'shake hands?' " she said, the last two words in English; and she smiled again.

I hastened to do as she asked me, and she moved toward the door.

"Perhaps," she said, "I shall see you tomorrow morning."

"I shall be here." Then I added: "I could not help hearing you talk of moving elsewhere."

She stood still in the middle of the room; she opened her lips to speak, shut them again, and ended by saying nothing more than:

"Yes, we talked of it. My mother wishes it. Good-night, Mr. Aycon."

I bade her good-night, and she passed slowly through the door, which I closed behind her. I turned again to the fire, saying:

"What would the duchess think of that?"

I did not even know what I thought of it myself; of one thing only I felt sure—that what I had heard of Marie Delhasse was not all that there was to learn about her.

I was lodged in a large room on the third floor, and when I awoke the bright sun beamed on the convent where, as I presume, Mme. de Sain-Maclou lay, and on the great Mount beyond it in the distance. I have never risen with a more lively sense of unknown possibilities in the day before me. These two women who had suddenly crossed my path, and their relations to the pale, puffy-cheeked man at the little chateau, might well produce results more startling than had seemed to be offered even by such a freak as the original expedition undertaken by Gustave de Berensac and me. And now Gustave had fallen away and I was left to face the thing alone. For face it I must. My promise to the duchess bound me; had it not I doubt whether I should have gone; for my interest was not only in the duchess.

I had my coffee upstairs, and then, putting on my hat, went down for a stroll. So long as the duke did not come to Avranches, I could show my face boldly—and was not he busy preparing for his guests? I crossed the threshold of the hotel.

Just at the entrance stood Marie Delhasse; opposite her was a thickset fellow, neatly dressed and wearing mutton-chop whiskers. As I came out I raised my hat. The man appeared not to notice me, though his eyes fell on me for a moment. I passed quickly by—in fact, as quickly as I could—for it struck me at once that this man must be Lafleur, and I did not want him to give the duke a description of the unknown gentleman who was staying at Avranches. Yet, as I went, I had time to hear Marie's slow musical voice say:

"I'm not coming at all today."

I was very glad of it, and pursued my round of the town with a lighter heart. Presently, after half an hour's walk, I found myself opposite the church, and thus nearly back at the hotel; and in front of the church stood Marie Delhasse, looking at the facade.

Raising my hat I went up to her, her friendliness of the evening before encouraging me.

"I hope you are going to stay today?" said I.

"I don't know." Then she smiled, but not mirthfully. "I expect to be very much pressed to go this afternoon," she said.

I made a shot—apparently at a venture.

"Someone will come and carry you off?" I asked jestingly.

"It's very likely. My presence here will be known."

"But need you go?"

She looked on the ground and made no answer.

"Perhaps, though," I continued, "he—or she—will not come. He may be too much occupied."

"To come for me?" she said, with the first touch of coquetry which I had seen in her lighting up her eyes.

"Even for that, it is possible," I rejoined.

We began to walk together toward the edge of the open place in front of the church. The convent came in sight as we reached the fall of the hill.

"How peaceful that looks!" she said; "I wonder if it would be pleasant there!"

I was myself just wondering how the Duchess of Saint-Maclou found it, when a loud cry of warning startled us. We had been standing on the edge of the road, and a horse, going at a quick trot, was within five yards of us. As it reacehd us, it was sharply reined in. To my amazement, old Jean, the duchess' servant, sat upon it. When he saw me, a smile spread over his weather-beaten face.

"I was nearly over you," said he. "You had no ears."

And I am sorry to say that Jean winked, insinuating that Marie Delhasse and I had been preoccupied.

The diplomacy of non-recognition had failed to strike Jean. I made the best of a bad job, and asked:

"What brings you here?"

Marie stood a few paces off, regarding us.

"I'm looking for Mme. la Duchesse," grinned Jean.

Marie Delhasse took a step forward when she heard his reference to the duchess.

"Her absence was discovered by Suzanne at six o'clock this morning," the old fellow went on. "And the duke—ah, take care how you come near him, sir! Oh, it's a kettle of fish! For as I came I met that coxcomb Lafleur riding back with a message from the duke's guests that they would not come today! So the duchess is gone, and the ladies are not come; and the duke—he has nothing to do but curse that whippersnapper of a Pierre who came last night."

And Jean ended in a rapturous hoarse chuckle.

"You were riding so fast, then, because you were after the duchess?" I suggested.

"I rode fast for fear," said Jean, with a shrewd smile, "that I should stop somewhere on the road. Well, I have looked in Avranches. She is not in Avranches. I'll go home again."

Marie Delhasse came close to my side.

"Ask him," she said to me, "if he speaks of the Duchess of Saint-Maclou."

I put the question as I was directed.

"You couldn't have guessed better if you'd known," said Jean; and a swift glance from Marie Delhasse told me that her suspicion as to my knowledge was aroused.

"And what will happen, Jean?" said I.

"The good God knows," shrugged Jean. Then, remembering perhaps my five-franc pieces, he said politely: "I hope you are well, sir?"

"Up to now, thank you, Jean," said I.

His glance traveled to Marie. I saw his shriveled lips curl; his expression was ominous of an unfortunate remark.

"Good-by!" said I significantly.

Jean had some wits. He spared me the remark, but not the sly leer that had been made to accompany it. He clapped his heels to his horse's side and trotted off in the direction from which he had come. So that he could swear he had been to Avranches, he was satisfied!

Marie Delhasse turned to me, asking haughtily:

"What is the meaning of this? What do you know of the Duke or Duchess of Saint-Maclou?"

"I might return your question," said I, looking her in the face.

"Will you answer it?" she said, flushing red.

"No, Mlle. Delhasse, I will not," said I.

"What is the meaning of this 'absence' of the Duchess of Saint-Maclou which that man talks about so meaningly?"

Then I said, speaking low and slow: "Who are the friends whom you are on your way to visit?"

"Who are you?" she cried. "What do you know about it? What concern is it of yours?"

There was no indolence or lack of animation in her manner now. She questioned me with imperious indignation.

"I will answer not a single word," said I. "But—you asked me last night what I had heard of you."

"Well?" she said, and shut her lips tightly on the word.

I held my peace; and in a moment she went on passionately:

"Who would have guessed that you would insult me? Is it your habit to insult women?"

"Not mine only, it seems," said I, meeting her glance boldly.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Had you, then, an invitation from Mme. de Saint-Maclou?"

She drew back as if I had struck her. And I felt as though I had struck her. She looked at me for a moment with parted lips; then, without a word of a sign, she turned and walked slowly away in the direction of the hotel.

And I, glad to have something else to occupy my thoughts, started at a brisk pace along the footpath that runs down the hill and meets the road which would lead me to the convent, for I had a thing or two to say to the duchess. And yet it was not of the duchess only that I thought as I went. There were also in my mind the indignant pride with which Marie Delhasse had questioned me, and the shrinking shame in her eyes at the counter question of mine. The Duke of Saint-Maclou's invitation seemed to bring as much disquiet to one of his guests as it had to his wife herself. But one thing struck me, and I found a sort of comfort in it; she had thought, it seemed, that the duchess was to be at home.

"Pah!" I cried suddenly to myself. "If she weren't pretty, you'd say that made it worse!"

And I went on in a bad temper.

To Be Continued.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER XI.

The King Surprised.

The unlooked-for interruption had startled his majesty. He called out, in English:

"Who dares to disturb me?"

Van Tasel, finding the door locked, put his muscular shoulder to the panel and burst it open. He and Fosdick stood face to face with Leander.

For a moment the king viewed his foes in bewilderment, while the princess fell back. Then the king, with a rapid movement, drew a revolver.

His majesty, however, was not quick enough. With a bound, Van Tasel knocked the pistol to the floor. Then his left fist shot out and took the king on the jaw.

His majesty staggered backward, tripped over a chair, and went down, the back of his head hitting the floor. He made an undignified spectacle for a king who had just been making vainglorious boasts. Once his bulky form lay on the rug, it was still for a moment. The impact of Van Tasel's fist had been stunning.

Van Tasel yanked down a curtain-cord, with which to bind Leander, and meanwhile Fosdick stuffed a handkerchief into his majesty's mouth. At that moment the intrepid James appeared on the scene, his knees knocking together and his jaws hitting each other like a man with the ague. At heart he was brave enough.

"I would like to 'elp, sir."

"All right, James," said Van Tasel, "you may sit on the king while we do up his arms and legs. Ah! that's fine."

By the time Leander understood what had happened, he was incapable of either shouting or kicking. His glaring eyes alone told of his fury.

"My Princess!" said Van Tasel, turning away from the prostrate monarch. "Heaven has been good, but there is not a moment to waste. Quick! Let us go!"

Lucretia gathered her strength at her lover's words.

"I am ready," she said.

She swayed, despite her courage. Van Tasel caught and supported her. Then, turning to Fosdick, he said:

"There are three of you, to fetch the king. Alexander will help."

"What?" cried Fosdick. "Fetch the king? Are you mad, Van Tasel?"

"No," hissed Van Tasel. "I am sa

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Have you ever tried the simple test of setting aside your urine in a bottle or vessel for twenty-four hours?

A sediment or settling in the urine indicates a diseased condition.

Science has today furnished proofs that all the purifying that your blood needs; in fact, all that can be done, must be done by your kidneys.

They are the most important organs, because they filter and purify the blood. The kidneys strain or filter out the impurities in the blood—that is their work.

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To overcome these troubles take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has yet been discovered.

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make a fuss I'll let you have this full blade in the small of your back."

The king, feeling the point of the knife between his shoulders, got up.

"Now go along!" commanded Fosdick, "and remember that the knife is behind you."

It was, indeed, behind the king—so close that every step it brought a drop of blood. The slower he walked, the deeper it cut. With the gag shutting off his wind, Leander was hard-pressed.

It had all been done with small disturbance, and yet in the hallway Van Tasel encountered old Van Wandeleer and two or three servants. The glitter of a pistol was enough to overawe them, however. Householders and servants in New York are not desperate men. Van Tasel was desperate. They fled for cover.

With Van Tasel supporting the princess, the adventurers left the house as they had entered it. Making the exit to Third avenue by the private passageway, they reached the waiting automobile, the chauffeur having brought it, in accordance with Van Tasel's instructions, to the nearest available point.

Third avenue was all but deserted, and they met with no interference. In a twinkling his majesty was piled into the rear seat, with his guards. Van Tasel handed Lucretia up in front, and climbed beside her. She should not get out of his reach, now that he had her again! He would fight a whole regiment, face a company of artillery, defy Satan himself, before the princess should be taken from him! If they took her now it would be over his lifeless body. He was certain of that.

The touring-car had given a lunge, when a woman's voice was heard:

"Your 'ighness! Oh, your 'ighness!"

"Stop!" commanded Van Tasel, to the chauffeur. "Stop! We have forgotten Priscilla."

The little French maid came running after them, and Fosdick reached down and helped her in.

"Beg pardon!" said Van Tasel; "you shall have your reward, my girl. You shall have a wedding present worthy of what you have done."

"It ain't the present I want, your 'ighness," panted Priscilla, as she nestled close to James in the rear seat; "it ain't the present, sir."

It was very clear that she wanted James, the bold, wicked James, who had helped to capture a king.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Flight.

With a fast automobile, empty New York streets, and a generous price paid for a boat, it did not take Van Tasel long to get the Princess aboard the Hell Diver, still lying at anchor. As the girl's feet touched the deck, she whispered:

"We are safe, Lucretia. The rest, my Princess, will be fair enough sailing."

He pressed her hand, and though she had forsworn love, she did not resent it.

He took her, himself, to the cabin. The Hell Diver had been prepared for the Princess two days before. American Beauties lent their fragrance to the apartment. The original furnishings had been replaced with still greater elegance. The rugs on the glistening floors were priceless examples of Van Tasel's extravagance, and the silk-des through which the lights shimmered were of Tiffany's most beautiful models. The hangings gave the place richness. It was a cabin fit for a Queen's voyage, indeed.

The Princess, exhausted, sank to a seat. Her glance thanked Van Tasel. He touched an electric button to summon the maids he had engaged to attend her. Then he remembered Priscilla. Sure enough, there she was, in instant readiness at the door of the cabin!

"You will see that she wants for nothing," he said.

Priscilla was in raptures at the thought of going along with her James.

"Yes, your 'ighness."

Van Tasel turned again to Lucretia.

"Have no fear of the King. I shall dispose of him so that he will not trouble your Kingdom for some months. Before His Majesty comes to light again, you will be Queen of Luxembrant, beyond peradventure."

He left her in the care of Priscilla. Meanwhile, Fosdick had remained, at Van Tasel's command, in the small boat with Leander. They were to put the King aboard the Sea Gull, a stone's throw away, to be shipped off to a cannibal island.

"I'm sorry, Ben," said Van Tasel, "that you've missed out on your trip with the Princess. It's really too bad! I wish you could go with us."

"What!" cried Fosdick. "Am I not to go with the Hell Diver, as we planned?"

"I'm deuced sorry, my boy, but I must sidetrack you to the Sea Gull, along with His Majesty. I haven't a doubt but that both of you would prefer to remain on the Hell Diver, with the Princess and me."

"The deuce!" said Fosdick, angrily. "You don't intend to ship me off on a three months' cruise with a captive King, do you, Van Tasel?"

"What else is there to do? I hope you don't suppose that I would go on the Sea Gull myself, and give the Princess to you? Now that we've got Leander, I shall go on the Hell Diver, of course."

"See here!" cried Fosdick, in revolt: "that sort of thing doesn't go. I agreed to this affair of yours solely to take the Princess to Middeldam—not to go kiting all over the world in search of a cannibal island on which to deposit the King. I'll not do any such thing!"

Fosdick had a vivid impression of the Princess' maddening beauty. To be robbed of a trip across the ocean with so charming a girl was not to his liking.

"Yes, you will," said Van Tasel, mildly. "You must. You are sworn to stand by me to the death. Have you forgotten that all of us are bound by the most solemn oath?"

"There's not a thing in the oath that requires me to take command of the Sea Gull, instead of the Hell Diver. I can take care of the Princess as well as you, and you can look after the King as well as I. Besides, I'm not a millionaire like you, Van Tasel. Do you think I can afford to ruin my law practice because you happen to be in love with the Princess of Luxembrant?"

"My dear boy," returned Van Tasel, "if you're not a millionaire now, you will be. I intend to settle a million on you in return for what you do for me. For a million dollars, Ben, can't you afford to keep the King out of the way for a few months?"

Fosdick was staggered. Then something like resentment came into his voice.

"I'm not an object of charity, Van, and I don't want your million. I couldn't take it. Isn't there some other way you could dispose of Leander?"

"I'll leave that to you. Throw him overboard if you want to, but wait until you get to sea. However, I know you're too tenderhearted for that. Oh, come, Ben, agree to it! I'll fix up your old law business—a long siege of typhoid fever, you know! Doctors ordered the sea cruise!"

Fosdick was still growling objections when the boat's prow touched the side of the Sea Gull. At that moment there were signs of activity aboard the Ibex, lying at anchor a short distance off. A light or two flashed on the deck.

It was nervy, to put the king aboard the enemy's craft, under the nose of his own yacht, but his majesty had no voice to make a disturbance, and no wireless telegraph outfit on his person.

"Quick!" whispered Van Tasel. "Up with you, Ben! The devils will be getting wise in a minute."

Then to the king, he said with mock politeness:

"Will your royal highness let me assist you? You might get a ducking, you know, and you'd find it unhandy to swim without arms. Good-bye, Leander, I'm obliged to you for coming along."

What the king would have said if it hadn't been for the gag that was crammed down his throat, might, perhaps, have made history.

CHAPTER XLII.

New York Fades Away.

There was nothing for Fosdick to do but go with the Sea Gull. Reluctantly he took Van Tasel's hand, and the chums stood in silent emotion.

"God bless you, Ben!" said Van Tasel. "You're the truest friend a man ever had."

"There's no other man could get me to do it," answered Fosdick. "If ever a fellow could win a princess, that fellow is you. Your nerve is sublime. I double my wager that you get her, and a throne along with her. You'll be king of Luxembrant yet."

"No," sighed Van Tasel, "if I won her at all, it would have to be without the throne, and do you think any woman would refuse a crown for the love of a man? No, Ben, I am only a knight, now, fulfilling a most sacred pledge."

A minute or two later, the Hell Diver and the Sea Gull slipped quietly away to sea.

The night was well spent, yet the darkness was deepest. Van Tasel stood moodily on the bridge with the captain and watched the receding lights of the metropolis, as they faded into the mists. It seemed to him like the gentle falling of a curtain over an act of drama. What was the next act to be?

Never had his passion come over him with more consuming force than it did as he watched the gap widening between him and his country—and felt it narrowing between the princess and Luxembrant. He was taking her back—deliberately surrendering her.

Yet she was still in his power. If he chose, he could keep her! Why shouldn't he keep her? Why take her over to Luxembrant, at all?

The thought made his heart thump. He knew he had a strange power over her. He had seen her fighting against it. Why not use it now? Why not sail to some far-away shore, and there claim her for a bride, where thrones and oppressed kingdoms, and such bothersome things, would not annoy her?

It would be simple, Van Tasel thought, but a revulsion came over him quickly. She had trusted him. She was his guest—helpless in his hands. To betray her trust would be the act of a monster. No Van Tasel was ever a traitor—nor ever should be, if he could prevent! Not even his overmastering love for Lucretia should tempt him to depart from the path of honor. No, the princess should be safe in his hands. He would give her up to her country, though his life thereafter be naught but the soughing of night winds in dead branches.

Van Tasel smiled grimly as he growled out this flowery smile.

Inflamed with his devotion, but now resolved to keep fast to his vow, he saw the night depart. When the dawn spread over a tempestuous sea, the breakers of Sandy Hook were merging into the western horizon.

CHAPTER XLIII.

On the Sea.

For two days the Hell Diver kept straight on its course before the Princess Lucretia ventured to leave her cabin, for the seas ran high.

Van Tasel strangled his impatience as best he could, consoling himself with the reflection that every hour she kept herself from his presence was an hour less of agony. Nevertheless, there were times when his resolution wandered. There were times when he forgot his vow utterly, and swore, by all that was good, he would marry Lucretia, if he had to proclaim himself king of Luxembrant to get her.

Once, while in such a mood, he fell to wondering if he couldn't dig up a pedigree, away back in Holland, that would entitle him to marry a queen. He never had traced himself back more than ten generations. Just as likely as not, he had royal blood in his veins! At any rate, if he couldn't discover a royal pedigree, why not buy one? He had money enough to buy anything—why not purchase purple blood? Surely, for a million he could get enough royal relations to entitle him to a crowd!

However, he abandoned this scheme as impracticable. He might buy the pedigree, he argued, but, at the best, his bogus royal ancesters would be too ancient to avail him in the eyes of Luxembrant.

"The devil take them!" he exclaimed, in disgust. "I want no royal grandfathers. If I have to marry Lucretia on false pretenses, I'll give her up, tough as it is."

He had almost begun to think that the princess was keeping to her cabin with malignant intent, when she disproved this conclusion by coming on deck.

Van Tasel had just come out of one of his love-trances, and had steeled his heart against all foolish sentiment, but he suffered an instant relapse when he beheld the form of Lucretia. She stood clinging in alarm to the rail, as the vessel poised for a moment on the crest of a wave, and then descended, with a fearful plunge, into the abyss of the sea. The wrap she had thrown about her shoulders was streaming to windward like a pendant, the gale had caught her tresses, and only her desperate clutch on the railing prevented her from being tossed about the deck like a cork.

Van Tasel sprang to her rescue, and found ample excuse to get his arm around her waist.

"My princess!" he said; "you should not have ventured out here alone. Why didn't you send me word?"

The smile that she gave him was from her most maddening brand. It was the smile that had first enthralled him, when she bestowed it the night he had helped her up Cranium Cliff.

Van Tasel had his hands full, getting the princess to a sheltered seat aft, where the projecting roof of the cabin helped to keep the wind off.

"I love the sea," she told him, as she caught his arm when the yacht descended into the depths. "I love it—oh, so much!"

There wasn't a trace of his good resolve left. No more than five minutes before he had been telling himself how he should cling to his vow to forget, though the heavens should fall.

"And I love you—oh, so much!" he echoed, quickly.

She became instantly sober. She took her hands from his arm and held fast to the seat, instead.

"I can't help it," he went on. "What can a fellow do when he can't help a thing?"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Platonic Love.

The princess was quite pitiful. He had her there, and she couldn't escape.

"Remember!" she said, warningly. "Oh, Mr. Van Tasel, remember."

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I've remembered and fogotten that vow ten thousand times. Now, the hours are getting short. We're just about in the middle of the ocean, Lucretia. Do you realize that, my sweet one?"

His voice was that of a martyr.

"In a couple of days," he went on, in doleful tones, "we'll be coming in sight of your Luxembrant. Do you realize what that will mean, Lucretia?"

Of course, Lucretia did realize what it meant. It meant that she must take farewell of Van Tasel—Van Tasel, the common, American, titleless Van Tasel, who had become quite as near to her as any man might become to a princess who is naught but a woman. Realizing it, Lucreia looked away at the tumbling sea and said nothing.

"In two or three days more, my princess," Van Tasel continued, lugubriously, "I shall sail away from Middeldam and leave you on shore, for of course I have given up all hope—given up all hope!"

He half whispered the last phrase in her ear. Lucretia looked at the set, but saw it not. All she saw was Van Tasel sailing away from Middeldom in the Hell Diver.

"I have given you up, my princess—given you up!" he continued, and his arm stole around her waist again.

It was a strange thing for a lover to do who had given up his sweetheart for good. No doubt Lucretia thought so, but she was powerless to resist. The sea was too rough.

"It has been a tough fight for me, dear princess," he said, "the toughest fight a fellow could have, but I've won it—won it, Lucretia!"

He kissed her squarely on her ruby lips. She couldn't help it any more than she could help his arm being tight around her waist. The Hell Diver was tossing and rocking at a most tremendous rate, and just as he kissed her, a monster wave washed over the rail and wet her feet. She couldn't show fight without danger of being washed overboard, and then Luxembrant would have been without its new queen.

"Because I have won it," Van Tasel went on, "I claim two days of unalloyed happiness with my queen! Since I have resigned myself to relinquishing her, I am going to play lover until we reach Middledam. I am going to forget that Lucretia is Queen of Luxembrant, and remember only that she is Mildred Boltwood, of New York. You, too, are going to forget it, Lucretia! From this moment you are Lucretia Boltwood again—until the Hell Diver touches Middeldam—aren't you?"

The princess kept her eyes aloof from Van Tasel. Her lips moved, but the roar of the ocean was too loud, or her voice was too weak to permit him to hear what she said.

"Of course!" he answered, for her. "For two happy days we are to be lovers—just platonic lovers, without any thought, any hope for the future. For two days only—and then!"

He kissed her twice—once on each cheek—a singular thing for a platonic lover to do.

CHAPTER XLV.

An Interruption.

The swell of the ocean was increasing. The Hell Driver was running into titanic waves. It was a superb sight to sit on deck and watch them—to be lifed far in the air and see the tumult of waters merging into the horizon. It was quite appalling to go sinnking to the bottom of the sea.

Yet neither Van Tasel nor the princess had more than a shadowy knowledge that the Hell Diver was tossing, for Van Tasel was telling her, now, what was to happen after he had left her at Middeldam.

"I shall stand on the bridge and wave you farewell," he said, in sepulchral tones. "As long as I can discern your form, lovely princess, I shall hold my cap aloft in one hand, and press my heart with the other, which shall signify eternal fealty, till death shall reunite us. And you—no longer my Mildred, but Queen Lucretia—shall watch me from the tallest tower of your palace, until the smoke of the Hell Diver can no longer be told from the fog over the ocean. Then our romance shall end. It has been a happy romance, with all its drawbacks, hasn't it, fair one?"

The princess said something that sounded like "yes."

"I shall go back to New York—New York with all its romance blotted out. Ah! what will New York be to Arthur Van Tasel then! What will New York be without Mildred Boltwood of The Castle of Gloom!

"I'll tell you. It will be like a rose garden after all the roses are plucked. It will be like the heavens with the moon and stars forever dead. It will be like the ocean at midnight."

Van Tasel was getting poetical. It was a very woe-begone tale he was telling, as befitted poesy.

"New York without Mildred Boltwood!" he went on. "At night I shall sit by my lonely hearth and dream of her, in her great castle, with thousands of miles of water between us. I shall dream of her as a mighty queen, with all her courtiers and nobles and people-in-waiting, and all that sort of thing. And sometimes, perhaps, I shall dream that she is unhappy because she yearns for the love that only Arthur Van Tasel can give her."

He had been talking more to the waves than to the princess, but now he turned his face toward her with sudden vehemence and demanded:

"In those future years, Mildred, will you yearn for that love? Tell me, will you?"

The princess knew very well that she would. She had known since the day she met the rash, impulsive and insolent Van Tasel. Knowing it, why should she deny it, when only two days remained? Why should she not taste love for such a very short time—48 hours?

She put her head on his shoulder and let it rest there. That was easier than answering his question in words, and much more effective.

Van Tasel had both arms around her already. Never was there such platonic love before. For ten minutes they sat there, and the Hell Diver took them imperceptibly nearer the moment when they must come down from heaven to the earth—where queens are not women, and where Van Tasels are not princes or kings.

It was at this moment that the form of a man appeared from around the cabin. As he clung to the rail the spray dashed over him in foamy masses and at times almost concealed him from Van Tasel—or would have concealed him had not Van Tasel been too far removed from the planet itself to see anything on it.

Almost any man, on seeing the situation that now confronted him, would have beaten a hasty retreat, but not so with this intruder. He may considered himself privileged, or he may have had a duty that would not admit of delay. At any rate, he stood still for a time, resting his profane eyes on the spectacle of the princess with her head on Van Tasel's shoulder, and on the spectacle of Van Tasel with his cheek against a cluster of gold-chestnut hair.

The newcomer waited until the deck of the Hell Diver assumed a momentarily favorable slope. Then he made a lunge that took him straight at Van Tasel. He caught a handrail attached to the cabin and stood in respectful salute.

Van Tasel came down from the sky with a start that brought the Princess down with him.

"James!" he cried, angrily. "What in the name of perdition do you bother me now for? Don't you see that I'm busy? Get back where you belong, will you, you idiot!"

"Yes'r," said James, humbly, casting an anxious eye at the deck and making ready to lunge again. "Yes'r, only 'ere's a wireless message, sir, as I thought you'd like to see, sir. It was just took by the operator, this minute, sir."

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Kingdom of Love.

Van Tasel forgot to rebuke the venturesome James, but reached for the message that had come so mysteriously over the sea. He released his encircling arms from the Princess and held the slip of paper before him. The message was short, but he kept it for a full minute before he spoke.

"Very well," he said to James, "I shall forgive you this time for intruding where you're not wanted. Look after yourself better in the future. You can go now, and see that you don't get washed overboard. You are slow in getting your sea legs."

James was astonished at the mildness of his master's temper. After the first outbreak, he had anticipated being excoriated roundly. He chose a suitable instant, reached the rail again, and was almost out of sight, when Van Tasel called to him:

"James, tell the steward we shall want the best menu tonight that he is capable of producing. Do you hear?—the very choicest!"

"Yes'r, the choicest!" echoed James, and was gone.

It was seldom that Van Tasel's voice trembled, but now it was shaky.

"Lucretia," he said, "our wireless operator has intercepted a news dispatch that will interest you. It's from Middeldam. Shall I read it?"

"From Middeldam!" exclaimed the Princess. "Is it something—about——?"

"Yes; listen:

"The mysterious disappearance of the King of Luxembrant has been taken advantage of here by powerful leaders to establish a republic. The Princess Lucretia, beloved by the populace and rightful heiress to the crown, has failed to claim it. Political leaders declare that were the Princess here now, she would be seated with mighty enthusiasm. Her whereabouts is unknown, and Luxembrant is determined that the tyrant Leander shall not reign again. The nation was declared a republic today."

The Princess paled suddenly as she heard the fateful words. Then, instead of fainting, she laughed—the silvery, rippling laugh that had played havoc with Van Tasel, along with her maddening smile.

"And so, after all," she murmured, as she nestled close to her lover, "our romance isn't ended—only just begun."

Van Tasel had her in his arms.

"It is not too late to take the throne," he said, blackly. "Your people love you—in two days we will be there."

Come what might, he was fulfilling his duty—he would stand by his colors to the death, if need be.

"But then," answered Lucretia, in aggrieved tones, "I should have to stand in the top of the tallest tower of the palace, and watch the smoke of the Hell Diver until it turned to fog—and my heart turned to ice. And you would have to sit by your lonely hearth in New York and dream that the Queen was unhappy! I don't want the crown, Arthur since Leander's despotism is ended, and Leander himself is a captive, and can't fight for the throne, I'd rather have——"

Van Tasel's lips cut short the rest.

"Dear princess!" he whispered, "Our royal palace will be The Castle of Gloom, which shall be, hereafter, The Castle of Joy. I shall order the Hell Diver turned toward Southampton. What do you say to a wedding in London, and a honeymoon cruise around the world?"

Taking her answer for granted, he added:

"My sweet Lucretia, you have gained love, but lost a kingdom."

"No," she whispered; "I still have a Kingdom, and you are my King."

THE END.

The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. *Why* the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed *free* on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead.

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

A Successful Irish Indian

Kansas City Star.

Owning hundreds of acres near Russet and fertile lands in the valley of the Washita river, lives Mrs. Kate O'Brien, Oklahoma's most successful woman farmer. Mrs. O'Brien manages her farm as actively as if she were a man. She raises corn, cotton, fruit, berries and has a hog ranch, a goose ranch, and many horses, mules and cattle. There is not a finer fruit farm in the state than Mrs. O'Brien's.

She has 450 acres in apples, 80 acres in peaches, and is planning another peach orchard of 80 acres. A railroad running through her farm gives her a shipping station for her fruit. From one acre of strawberries Mrs. O'Brien received $571.50 last year.

Mrs. O'Brien is a citizen of the Chickasaw Nation by blood, being one-eighth Indian and seven-eighths Irish. She writes cleverly and shows a keen sense of humor in her reminiscences of pioneer days and in her telling of Indian legends and customs.

THE HAIR PILLOW.

Few people know the comfort in summer of a hair pillow. Who would think of sleeping upon a feather bed in August? And yet many of us bury our heads in large, soft, feathery pillows.

Suppose you buy a dear little hair pillow—20 by 15 inches—and make for it a simple slip of linen. Lay your weary head upon this some hot night and you will dream of cooling and refreshing drinks and—possibly of icebergs.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A KING'S DEATH AND WORSE.

The International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 6 Is: "Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle." I. Sam. 31.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

There are worse fates than being dead. Some men know the terrors of an existence emptied of honor and joy and self-respect. King Saul living was a sadder spectacle than King Saul dead, even though his death was ignoble. A king without kingliness, a man without manliness, an anointed servant of God without godliness—few more tragic figures than he walk through the pages of history. When first we met him he stood, fair and noble, a head taller than his fellows; now, as we leave him, we find him lying in shameful death, the contortions of fear still showing in his limbs—and the head by which he was taller than other men carried off to adorn a heathen idol's temple.

There are various kinds and degrees of moral failure; Saul, represents the worst, a man who has lost his grip on God. In some respects he resembles Judas, in that he had relinquished his religious faith, and become a wilful devotee of his own selfish ends, until at last his terrors and torments are ended, for this life, by the cowardly crime of a suicide. Attention is centered in the Sunday schools this week upon Saul' prostrate in death upon the battlefield; far more significant is his groveling in terror before the Witch of Endor. He was slain in spirit before he slew himself in body. His alternate spasms of kingliness and foolishness, strength and weakness, magnanimity and consuming jealousy, are interesting evidences of the effect upon a character of the loss of its religion. The greatest of all tragedies is the loss of faith. The worst, and most expressive, of all that can be said of Israel's first king is that the Spirit of God had abandoned him.

The Artesian Well at Sea.

To put the teaching of this biography into a paragraph, it is that a child of God should guard his spiritual sensitiveness above his life. There is nothing else so vital as to keep attuned to God. Even as Saul observed the outward state of royalty even after he had been rejected from the throne by Jehovah, so it is possible for one to maintain the appearances and fragrances of holiness, while not possessing the power thereof. This may for a time deceive the world; but what matters the world's opinion when one's spiritual life is at stake? "A conscience void of offense toward God" is better than all the reputation that can be heaped up, and deeper than hidden springs of life are what count.

A few years ago, on one of the long piers that stretch out into the ocean at Atlantic City, I saw an artesian well being sunk. Down, down, down, beneath the rolling billows, beneath the surging tides, beneath the sandy bottom of the ocean, the shaft had gone until it had found the sweet springs of water underlying the sea. It was a surprise to know that pure, fresh water so much as existed there; even as the world wonders at the vital verities of spirituality. The incident pictured life; some persons, like Saul, elect to live only on the rough, unstable and storm-visited surface of life, where there is naught to satisfy the soul's thirst; others, like the driver of the artesian well, and like David, go down to the deep sources of spiritual power, sustaining their spirits by delicious draughts from God's refreshing springs. Out of the years that made Saul a wreck and a suicide, David won a kingly character and produced immortal psalms.

In the Final Fight.

The final fight of the giant Saul—now defeated in spirit before he buckled on his armor—occurred on Israel's greatest battle-ground, the plain of Esdraelon. The opposing foe was Israel's historic enemy, the Philistines (from whom, by a strange irony, the Palestine of today gets its name). David had been driven by the king's persecution, into the enemy's country. It was bad statesmanship on Saul's part to let his greatest warrior go, because of a personal spite, and the addition to this loss suffered by the king was the greater one of self-control and confidence, and, greatest of all, the loss of the cooperation of Jehovah; one who has ever fought in partnership with God cannot hope to win without Him.

The last attack was made on the slope of Mount Gilboa. The Israelites were utterly routed. The king himself was sorely wounded, and his three sons, Jonathan, Abinadab and Malchishua, were slain. The remaining son, Ishbosheth, apparently was not in the battle and survived for two more troubled years, then to treacherously murdered. Instead of meeting death like a soldier, the wounded king was terror-stricken lest he should be slain by the enemy and his body abused; so he entreated his armor-bearer to thrust him through. The latter refused, and Saul took his own sword and fell upon it. The armor-bearer then followed his example.

The death of the king completed the rout of his army, and the Philistines had only to come and loot the camp. They cut off Saul's head, stripped his armor for a temple offering, and hung his body to the wall of Betshan, thus inflicting the ignominies which the Israelites hoped to escape. While the Philistines were, in a sense, the agent of Saul's death, he really died, we are told, because of his trespass against Jehovah, and because he had kept not the word of Jehovah. Thus we hear, echoing above the clamor of battle, the words of the prophet Samuel: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken than the fat of rams."

A Glimpse of Gratitude.

No times are wholly evil; and it is pernicious to represent them as being so. Indiscriminateness is the sin of the muckraker. Even in this dark day for Israel there were men who afford a shining example for all ages. Early in his career the better Saul had rescued Jabesh-Gilead from an oppressor; these men never forgot. Their lineage was not particularly illustrious; but they knew the royal grace of gratitude. So when they hear how the Philistines had displayed Saul's body on a city wall, together with the bodies of his sons, for the public to scoff at, and for carrion birds to devour, they remembered his friendship for them, and a chosen band of their braves made a brilliant dash upon Bethshan, and rescued the bodies, and gave them decent burial. And that deed David honored the men of Jabesh-Gilead. It was an action after his own heart. Often the victim of ingratitude himself, he was yet of a generous and grateful nature, with a high sense of honor. When an Amalekite, thinking to gain reward from the king's foe for his tidings, brought him a false story of having slain Saul, David, believing the tale, ordered that the man himself be put to death for having laid violent hands upon the Lord's anointed. Still later, he showed kindness to the son of Jonathan and to the son of Saul.

The magnanimity of David is best revealed by the sincere sorrow that breathes through the elegy which he composed upon the death of Saul and Jonathan. "The Song of the Bow." Death blotted out all his sense of wrong, and he cherished only the memory of the Saul that once had been, before his kingly spirit died. Saul was now dead; he had been worse than dead; henceforth David would perpetuate only the virtues of the king, and of his more royal son.

EXAGGERATED SPEECH

The young person of today deals in superlatives; a simple, direct form of speech is insufficient to express the feeblest thought. Nothing is described as being merely pretty; anything from a daisy to an orchid, a cat to a cathedral, a brook to the ocean, is "gorgeous," "perfectly grand," "charmingly beautiful," "divinely lovely," or "too sweet for words."

These high pressure talkers are never surprised in these later days. They are struck dumb, paralyzed, overcome with horror. They never feel out of sorts or not quite up to the mark, but are awful, horrible, suffering the pangs of the Inquisition, or being flayed alive with everything from inflammatory rheumatism to a cold in the head.

The critics in this class are never temperate. Writings that do not please their taste, music that they do not enjoy, or acting that does not conform to their special standard, is vile, atrocious, absolutely idiotic, rotten, and the worst you ever saw or heard.

The man of whom they do not approve is a driveling idiot, a pig-headed fool, without an idea in his head or a virtue to recommend him to heaven.

The good times had by the young folk of former generations are not enjoyed by many of this, says Woman's Life. These later have grand, magnificent, glorious, lovely, splendid, gorgeous or sweetly beautiful times, when they are not so unfortunate as to have a miserable, wretched, nasty, beastly, hateful or disgusting time that just kills them. This exaggeration, being found everywhere, weakens the force of speech.

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Walking is almost as common as breathing, eating and sleeping, yet there are many people who do not know how to walk. Some loiter along with a half-dead, half-alive air, while others madly rush as if but a moment of time was theirs.

Now, there is much character in a walk. It should embody energy, ambition and enterprise and at the same time grace and dignity.

To walk for health certain preparations should be made. In cold weather the clothing should be warm, but not heavy. The clothing should be loose, for a tight garment restricts circulation. The skirt should be short and the shoes should be low-heeled, wide and thick soled.

Deep breathing goes hand in hand with walking, and it is a good habit to breathe rhythmically, counting the while.

KIPLING'S TRIBUTE TO BOB EVANS

When Capt. Bob Evans commanded the United States battleship Iowa, some years ago, Rudyard Kipling sent him a set of his works with illustrations by Artist Zogbaum. The gift was accompanied by this graceful compliment:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a coning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business
And I take care of mine,
But you take care of ten thousand tons
Skyhooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

To him that hath shall be given,
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

—From a letter to the New York World.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a 3-year-old mare with her shoulders perished, or shrunken; she has never been lame and is not stiff; has been worked during this time. Please give cause of this and the remedy.—P., Watertown, Tenn.

Will someone please tell me how to tan rattlesnake hides? Is there a a market the hides and oil?—B., Carroll, Wyo.

Will someone please tell me if vinegar can be made from potatoes? If so, please give the necessary steps to make it.—F., Pomeroy, O.

Can anyone tell me what is the trouble with my Jersey cow and what will cure her? About three months ago she began to lean to the right with the front quarters, getting worse slowly until she would have to step around to straighten up. Then she got into such a condition that she would whirl around to keep from falling. She fails down sometimes and lies with her forelegs before her and her head between them. She also leans her hind quarters to the left to balance herself. She eats all right and gives milk but seems to get poorer.—H., Belmont, O.

Will someone please tell me how to exterminate roaches? I have tried several things but cannot get rid of them—G., Newport, Pa.

SWEET WINE

S., Ashtabula, O.: To make sweet grape wine cook thoroughly one gallon of good ripe grapes and one gallon of water. To every quart of juice add a scant cup of sugar. Put it on the stove and let it boil rapidly a few minutes. Seal while hot.—L., Woodlawn, Ill.

SCOURS

B., Green Bank, N. J.: To cure scours give the horse turpentine.—D., Green Bank, N. J.

B., Green Bank, N. J.: To cure scours give your horse powdered English rosin three times a week.—G., Brandon, N. C.

TO WHITEWASH PEACHES

The large crop of peaches promised this year will lead many to renew their faith in this fruit, says the Indianapolis News. One of the most common troubles in peach growing is that the buds start too soon, so that the delicate pistils are nipped by late frosts and hence a full crop of flowers is followed by a complete failure of the fruit crop. Some years ago Prof. J. C. Whitten, horticulturist of the Missouri experiment station, conceived the brilliant idea that peach buds could be held back by spraying them with lime, on the principle that light is reflected from a white surface, whereas it penetrates and heats a dark colored object. He found that twigs containing much purple absorbed heat enough to raise their temperature on sunny days in winter to 15 degrees above the temperature of the air, and in one case, where a high slope reflected part of the sun's rays on the trees, he observed a range of 23 degrees.

The experiment station has repeatedly saved a peach crop by whitewashing certain trees, while other trees of the same variety right next to them, but not whitewashed, had their fruit buds killed. Very few commercial fruit growers in the great peach region use this method because the winter rains often wash off the lime, and it is difficult and costly to get through the muddy orchards with the spraying machinery. The fruit growers of Ontario, however, have had remarkable success. They spray the trees on the approach of cold weather with the lime wash, choosing a day when it will freeze on the trees as it is applied. In this way they have no trouble in getting as thick a coat as they want. In regions where the winter is uniformly cold the lime stays on fairly well.

The one feature of this work that promises to have the greatest commercial value is that Prof. Whitten is breeding new varieties of peaches with the hope of securing same that will have no purple coloring matter in the twig. The Ozark region has several varieties, with only small percentage of purple coloring matter, especially the Orlin and Snow, which have pale yellowish-green twigs. "All peaches with this color of twigs with which I am acquainted," writes Prof. Whitten, "are exceedingly hardy and have fruited in this section of the country when no other varieties bore fruit at all. Most of them, however, have comparatively small, undesirable fruit. We are crossing them with the finer fruited varieties. None of the seedlings which we have thus originated are old enough to bear."

DENSE FLEECES

Why there should be such a wide difference in the prices of wool often puzzles the average sheep raiser. As much as 5 cents a pound is often paid for the wool of one herd over the price paid for the fleece of the herd in an adjoining field. One of the chief points in the merits of the wool is the fineness, and there is great chance for variation in this characteristic. One authority states that coarsely bred sheep may have no more than 5,000 wool hairs to the square inch of skin, while the breeds that have been bred to produce fine wool, such as the Merino, may have 40,000, or even as high as 48,000, wool hairs to the square inch. By examining the shorn skin of a sheep under a microscope the difference in the fineness of the wool can easily be discerned.

Professor Craig, in his work on "Judging Live Stock," says that from a breeder's point of view the chief importance of the density of fleece lies in the fact that it is more protection to the sheep than a fleece that is open. Not only is a sheep with a loose, open fleece more liable to contract a cold from exposure to rain or wind, but it is also more apt to yield a dirty fleece, as the loose fleece catches the dirt and dust and pieces of hay and straw. From the shepherd's point of view the density of the fleece is its leading feature, for it will be found that those animals that have dense fleeces are less subject to such diseases as catarrh, running at the nose, or scouring. When a sheep experiences a chill it at once affects the circulation and sends the blood to the internal organs, and inflammation or scouring results. This is why sheep that have open fleeces are more subject to such diseases than those that have dense fleeces.

Wool is one of the best nonconductors of heat that we have, and when it is on a sheep in the form of a dense fleece it gives them the greatest possible protection from exposure. Furthermore, if the fleece is not dense it is almost impossible for the fiber to be sound; that is, free from weak spots. When a sheep has been badly chilled or has become sick in any way so as to cause the pores of the skin to contract, a break or shrinkage occurs in the fiber at that point. The wool on a sheep grows from a small sack in the skin and it passes away from the skin through a small opening which may be easily contracted or expanded, according to different influences. The influences are various, and for that reason it is important that the sheep be covered with a fleece that is so dense as not to be affected by much external conditions.

The length of the staple is a very important feature, both from the commercial point of view and from the shepherd's standpoint. In the process of manufacturing the best wool goods, a long, even yarn in indispensable; hence it is easy to see that length and strength of fiber includes its most valuable characteristics.

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*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This address, made by Abraham Lincoln, at the dedication f Gettysburg cemetery, November 19, 1863, is looked upon by he American people as a masterpiece, and with especial pride y every old soldier:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth pon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedi- ated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether hat nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can ndure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We e met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of hose who here gave their lives that that nation might live. is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot con- ecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave, living and ead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our ower to add or detract. The world will little note nor long emember what we say here, but it can never forget what they id here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here o the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly car- ied on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great ask remaining before us; that from these honored dead we ake increased devotion to the cause for which they here ave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly re- olve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation hall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the overnment of the people, by the people, and for the people, hall not perish from the earth."

ETTER GRANT WROTE IS PROPERTY OF TOLEDOAN

ecause he could not afford to pay ew rent was the reason assigned t-President U. S. Grant above his signature, for giving up his seat e Madison Avenue Congregational rch in New York city, according letter held in this city.

ant became deeply involved in early eighties through the failure he big Grant-Ward corporation. he felt his impecuniosity keenly own in this letter, which is now possession of Mr. J. P. Weyant, Linwood avenue, it having come im through his brother-in-law, was at the time the letter was ten secretary of the Madison ue Congregational church organi- n.

e letter reads:

New York City, Oct. 4, 1884.

elius V. V. Ward,
cretary Madison Avenue Congre- gational Church.

ar Sir—I herewith resign my place stee in the above church. I have notice and now repeat it that I give up my pew in the church because of my inability to pay the rent. Very Truly.

U. S. GRANT.

LOST IN PARIS.

An amusing story is told of an Englishman in Paris. After some hours of sightseeing, one day, he lost his way and could not get back to his hotel. He asked first one and then another, but the foreigners apparently did not understand their own language. At last, in sheer disgust, he tore a leaf out of his pocketbook, wrote upon it the name of his hotel, and silently presented it to the next passerby. The man looked at him compassionately, beckoned him to follow, and without a word they proceeded up one street and down another. Finally the wanderer saw the door of his hotel, and forgetting in his relief and gratitude all the difficulties of the language, he turned to his companion and said: "Thank you very much. I am greatly obliged to you." The other stared at him in amazement, and then blurted out, "You duffer! why didn't you speak before? I thought you were deaf and dumb." The good Samaritan was of his own nationality.—Tit-Bits.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ANTHONY WAYNE

Will you give me a brief sketch of General Anthony Wayne? How did he get the name of "Mad Anthony?"—D. B., Hadley, Pa.

Anthony Wayne, the American soldier, was born January 1, 1745, and died December 15, 1809. When 18 years of age he became a land surveyor. He married and settled to farming in 1767. In 1774 Wayne was elected to the legislature, served on the committee of safety and in 1775 raised a regiment, with which he took part in the campaign against Canada. He fought with distinction, having great success in the campaign. It was he who stormed Stony Point in 1779, achieving one of the most brilliant of American victories. For this he received a gold medal and the thanks of congress. He became a popular hero and his nickname of "Mad Anthony" was as much a tribute to his energy and valor as it was a detonation of his recklessness in action. Some of his military successes were his rescue of Lafayette in Virginia in 1782, his daring attack on the whole British army at Green Spring, and his defeat of the British and Indians in Georgia. He was made a brevet major-general in 1783, retired from the army in 1784, becoming a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. He later settled on a Georgia plantation and was elected to congress from Georgia in 1791, only to have his seat declared vacant in a contest the following year. He was made commander-in-chief of the American army with the rank of major-general, in 1792. In 1793 he took the field against the Indians in Ohio, defeating them at Fallen Timbers, forcing them to conclude the treaty of Greenville in 1795, which gave a large tract of territory to the United States. His death occurred while he was engaged in completing this service.

ANARCHISM

Will you please give an article on the doctrine of anarchism?—C. H. W., Diana, W. Va.

Anarchism is the theory of social organization. It looks upon all law and government as invasive, the twin sources, from which flow nearly all the evils existent in society. It advocates the abolition of all government as we today understand the term, save that originating in voluntary co-operation. Anarchists do not conceive of a society without order, but of an order arising out of the law of association, preferably through self-governing groups, for it may be said that, with here and there an exception, anarchists regard mankind as gregarious. Their object is to live without government and without law. They insist that the law will be better served in a state of freedom and in absence of all compulsion. They believe that everything now done by the state can be better done by voluntary or associative effort, and that no restraint upon conduct is necessary, because of the natural tendency of mankind in a state of freedom to respect the rights of the individual. The repression of crime, where crime might arise, could safely be left to spontaneously created organizations, such as the Vigilance Committees in early California, where no state government existed. Prince Kropotkin, the leading Russian anarchist, said that no cause for litigation would arise after we had abolished "the present system of class privileges and unjust distribution of the wealth produced by labor, that creates and fosters crime."

RAPHAEL

Will you give what information you have on Raphael?—C. L. J., Swanton, O.

Raphael Santi, the Italian painter, was born March 28, 1483, and died April 6, 1520. Young Raphael devoted himself to art at once. At a very early age for a student of art he entered the workshop of Perugino. In 1504 he went to Florence where he was influenced by the artists, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo. In the four years of his stay at Florence he painted some fine pictures. In 1508 he went to Rome on the order of Pope Julius II. He began work immediately and one of the first of the famous halls in the Vatican, that are filled with his paintings, was completed by 1511. He was 28 years of age when his first series of wall paintings was completed and had only nine years yet to live. During these nine years were produced the paintings in four large rooms of the Vatican. One of Raphael's paintings is the "Madonna di San Sisto," now in the royal collection at Dresden, and the "Transfiguration," left unfinished at his death, and now in the picture gallery of the Vatican. Raphael also made some designs, or at least undertook the superintendence as architect, especially in connection with the church of Saint Peter, and as designer of several palazzi, or stately mansions, in and near Rome. The excavations going on among the ruins of Rome also excited his interest and took up much of his time. He was considered the first of religious painters. His work shows little interest in the realization of incident or action, he is regardless of the impossibilities of the Apostles in voluminous robes, and of men in a fishing boat much too small for them—indifferent to the contradictions of the famous picture of "The Conflagration in the Suburb," where flames are seen flickering among marble columns and walls of cut stone without anything to feed them, and yet his lack of realism in his designs has never diminished his vast popularity, as the typical painter toward whose work everybody turns when there is mention of Christian religious painting. His pictures are of entirely harmonious effect. His coloring in pictures is wholly agreeable, never violent, always satisfactory to the student of sentiment in art, and to the lover of noble composition.

BROOM CORN

Will you give me any information you can concerning the culture of broom corn?—G. W. W., St. George, Kan.

The cultivation of broom corn is carried on extensively in the United States, principally by some branches of the society of Shakers. The seed is excellent feed for fattening sheep. It is also fed to horses, poultry and to cattle when ground with Indian corn, rye, oats, or barley. Ground and mixed with wheat bran, it is good for mich cows. It may be dried on the ground or on the barn or garret floors, but it is essential to frequently stir it while drying. The corn should be run through a fanning mill before grinding. The stalks of the plant are long and hard and are used for manure. The planting is generally done with a machine drawn by a horse, in rows three feet apart, wide enough for the cultivator or plow to pass conveniently. The seed is dropped into hills from 16 to 18 inches apart, four quarts of seed being sufficient to plant an acre. The blade will appear in four or five days if the soil is productive and the weather favorable. One man with a horse and machine that will plant two rows at the same time may plant from ten to twelve acres in a day. The labor of one hand four months will cultivate about six acres and harvest the same, the average produce per acre being about 500 pounds. After the corn is well up, the cultivator can profitably be used three or four times before hoeing, after which commences the weeding and thinning. As a general rule two hoeings are sufficient. At the last time and when the corn is ten or twelve inches high, the Shakers use a double-molded plow which turns a furrow each way. Planting may be performed with safety from the middle of May to the first of June, and even later if the season is good. In harvesting you bend the stalks some two and one-half or three feet from the ground and leave them for a few days to dry. They are then cut 6 or 8 inches from the brush and laid into heaps, ready to be carried to the scraper. The part of the stalk still remaining on the field should be plowed under in the fall or the following spring. The Shakers break the stalks with a drag, plow them under and then roll the ground.

OLDEST TOWNS

I see by your paper of August 20 that Jamestown is the second oldest town in the United States. Barne's School History says that Santa Fe is the second oldest town and that Jamestown is the first permanent English settlement. Which is correct?—F. W., Montrose, Pa.

Santa Fe is the second oldest town, having been settled in 1605, three years before the Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement, was established.

POLITICAL PARTIES

What were the original names of the Democratic and Republican parties?—J. W. Q., Cherryville, N. C.

The present Democratic party was first known as the Republican, then as the Democratic-Republican party. The Republican party was first known as the Federalist, then as the Whig party.

PATENT FLOUR

Is patent flour bleached over poisonous fumes?—W. E. R., Omro, Wis.

First patent flour is not bleached. It is naturally white and produces the whitest and largest loaves of bread. Second patent flour produces a darker loaf of bread. We can find nothing to cause one to believe that patent flour is bleached over poisonous fumes.

GRANT'S POLITICS

What was General Grant's politics for thirty years prior to his death?—J. L. B., Traverse City, Mich.

General Grant voted for James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for president, in 1856. He was a Republican the rest of his life, his death occurring in 1885.

THE NILE RIVER

Will you please tell about the Nile river and the country through which it flows?—J. W. M., Nook, Pa.

The Nile river is the largest river in the African continent and the second longest in the world. Its length is estimated at 4,000 miles, and the area of its basin at 1,082,000 square miles, extending through 35 degrees of latitude, or 2,450 miles in a direct line. It has its head-waters in the Kagera, a small stream which flows into the western side of Victoria lake. Emerging from this lake, it passes through the Cita and Kioga lakes, is precipitated over the Murchison Falls and Albert lake, which receives the discharge of the Semliki river coming from Lake Albert Edward and which is the second "great basin" of the river. From this body of water the Nile passes out as Bahr-el-Jebel, and after a moderate distance leaves the Central African plateau and enters into the grass and swamp land of the eastern Sudan, where it receives from the west the Gazelle river. Beyond this point and as far as the junction with the Blue Nile, just below Khartum, the stream is known as the White Nile, so named from the light tint of its waters. Below this point, the united stream is known as the Nile. It receives its last tributary, the Atbara, at the northern extremity of the peninsula of Atbara, and hence flows north without any accession through 14 degrees of latitude, or, following its windings, at least 1,300 miles, to the sea. Below its junction with the Atbara it has on the west the desert of Bahiuda and on the east Berber. In the plains of Dongola the river forms several islands of great extent. Entering Egypt, near Wadi-Halfa, it descends in the second cataract, and about 250 miles farther passes over the final cataract at Assouan. In latitude 30 degrees and 15 minues north, the Nile divides into two branches, leading respectively to Rosetta in the west and Damietta in the east. From these places it enters the sea. As rain scarcely falls in the valley of the Nile from the 18th nearly to 30th parallel, and very scantily even lower down, the river owes its supplies wholly to the copius rains of the countries wherein it rises. In Egypt it begins to increase in June, attains its greatest height in three months, and then subsides as gradually as it rose. The ordinary rise at Cairo is about 25 feet. The surrounding country is flooded. The banks of the Nile above are irrigated by the water-wheel. The Nile reservoir, for which the great dams of Assouan and Assiout have been construtd, will enable wide tracts of land to bear two crops a year instead of one, will bring waste districts into tillage, and will greatly increase the area of sugar cultivation.

BROUGH AND VALLANDIGHAM

Please give the year that Brough and Vallandigham ran for governor of Ohio. Also give the number of votes each received and a short history of each.—T. A. B., Saybrook, Ill.

Brough and Vallandigham ran for governor in the year 1863. Brough was elected, receiving 288,661 votes, while Vallandigham received 187,562 votes.

John Brough, the American statesman, was born at Marietta, Ohio, September 17, 1811, and died in Cleveland, August 29, 1865. In his youth he was a printer's apprentice. He studied at the Ohio University and later entered journalism. As a Democratic orator he became well known. In 1846 he entered the legal profession. In 1863 the Republican Union party nominated Brough for governor, and he was elected by a joint vote of all electors advocating war. He was called the "war governor" of his state.

Clement Laird Vallandigham was born in New Lisbon, Ohio, July 29, 1830, and died in Hamilton, Ohio, June 17, 1871. He was educated at Jefferson college, Pennsylvania, taught school for two years, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1842. He was a member of the legislature of Ohio at the age of 25. For two years he had charge of a Democratic newspaper in Dayton, Ohio. He fitted himself for a political career. Vallandigham was elected to congress in 1856 and 1858. He opposed the war as being unnecessary and unconstitutional. He became the most prominent leader of the so-called "Copperheads" of the north as the result of his opposition to the war policy. This led to his arrest in 1863 by General Burnside. He was found guilty for disloyal utterances and conduct and was sentenced to close confinement during the war, but President Lincoln commuted the sentence to banishment beyond the Federal lines. Being unwilling to espouse the cause of the Confederacy and dissatisfied with his reception in the south, in a short time he ran the blockade from Wilmington, North Carolina, and proceeded by sea to Halifax, and later to Windsor, Canada, where he made his home for a time. While there he was nominated by the Democrats of Ohio for governor, against Brough, and was defeated by over 100,000 majority. In 1864 he returned to his home in Dayton without molestation. His death occurred while he was engaged as attorney in a murder case. While illustrating to the jury the manner in which the victim was shot, he fatally shot himself by accident.

ELBERT HUBBARD

Will you please give a biographical sketch of Elbert Hubbard?—T. J. H., Hurley, N. Y.

Elbert Hubbard was born in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1859. After spending his boyhood on a farm, he entered a printing office in Chicago and was later employed in a soap factory. In the latter business he rose to be manager and finally partner of the firm; selling out his interest, he devoted himself for a time to study and travel, and finally settled at East Aurora, New York, where he established the Roycroft shop, devoted mainly to the artistic printing and binding of books. Hubbard is now the editor of the Philistine, and a lecturer.

FINGER RINGS

How did finger rings first come into use?—C. M. B., Indian Creek, Neb.

Many of the ancients wore finger rings, usually on the fourth finger, as the sign of authority. The senators, knights, and magistrates wore them at Rome in its ancient days. One of the later emperors allowed all citizens to wear a gold ring. Before that the Roman embassadors had carried rings as badges, and this was then the chief use of rings. They are now regarded as ornaments only, though the marriage and engagement ring has its peculiar signification. The custom of having a seal or signet engraved upon a ring is very ancient, but continues in some localities to the present day.

GENERAL JOHN MORGAN

Will the Bureau kindly give a sketch of General John Morgan?—S. D. O., Etowah, N. C.

John Morgan, the Confederate general, was born in Huntsville, Alabama, June 1, 1826, and died in Greenville, Tennessee, September 4, 1864. He was first lieutenant of cavalry in the Mexican war, and afterwards a manufacturer in Lexington, Ky. In the civil war he became a major general in 1862, and the next winter commanded a cavalry force under Bragg which harassed Rosecran's communications. Leaving the regular service, he organized a guerilla band which inflicted enormous damage in Kentucky. In June, 1863, he began a gigantic raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, but was brought to bay and routed, finally captured and imprisoned in the Ohio penitentiary. He escaped and headed a fresh raid in Tennessee, but was betrayed at a farm house, surrounded in the night, and killed while attempting to escape.

McKINLEY-BRYAN VOTE

Please tell which states cast their electoral vote for William McKinley and which for William J. Bryan in 1896, and give the electoral vote of each state. What was McKinley's plurality in New York state and Bryan's in Nebraska? Give the popular vote for McKinley and Bryan.—C. A. W., Altmar, N. Y.

States casting their electoral vote for McKinley were as follows: California, 8; Connecticut, 6; Delaware, 3; Illinois, 24; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kentucky, 13; Maine, 6; Maryland, 8; Massachusetts, 15; Michigan, 14; Minnesota, 9; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 10; New York, 36; North Dakota, 3; Ohio, 23; Oregon, 4; Pennsylvania, 32; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4; West Virginia, 6, and Wisconsin, 12. Those casting their votes for Bryan were as follows: Alabama, 11; Arkansas, 8; California, 1; Colorado, 4; Florida, 4; Georgia, 13; Idaho, 3; Kansas, 10; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 8; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 17; Montana, 3; Nebraska, 8; Nevada, 3; North Carolina, 11; South Carolina, 9; South Dakota, 4; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 15; Utah, 3; Virginia, 12; Washington, 4, and Wyoming, 3. McKinley's plurality in New York was 268,842. Bryan's plurality in Nebraska was 12,-935. The popular vote for McKinley was 7,107,304 and for Bryan 6,287,353.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. F., Montgomery, Mich.: King Edward VII., of England, was not married before he married Queen Alexandra.

S. B. H., Gambles Store, N. C.: Money is put into circulation through the banks.

R. N. H., Kimball, Va.: Halley's comet appears in the year 1910. We cannot give the month.

J. M. D., Upland, W. Va.: We know nothing concerning the Evening Light church.

E. N., Rochester, Ind.: We can tell you nothing about the Home-croft movement.

G. M. G., Knox, Ind.: We can tell you nothing about the landing made on Goat island.

F. M. D., Cox's Mills, W. Va.: Your question is a technical one, which should be submitted to some one with practical knowledge of the subject.

S. D. M., Howell, Ind.: It is impossible for the Bureau to answer your questions.

H. P. O., Bluffton, O.: Cannot give list of words of Cleveland spelling contest.

D. A. G., Redding, Ia.: It has been stated in these columns ten or twelve times within the past few months that Mr. Taft is not a Catholic, that he is a Unitarian. Our statement has been given prominence and it is not easy to understand how readers of The Blade could overlook it.

M. A. R., Fairfield, Neb.: The Bureau cannot give you the information you want.

J. F. V., Corry, Pa.: The Orangemen of Ireland belong to the Orange society, so named in honor of William III., Prince of Orange. The Bureau cannot give a history of the house of Orange.

THE FIRST VISITING PRIVATE TO ARRIVE

WILLIAM WIGGINS.

With a spirit unabated, though his flesh is weakened by injuries received in the Civil war and by old age, William Wiggins, of Portsmouth, O., the first private to arrive in Toledo for the G. A. R. encampment daily roamed the streets of the city, watching the red, white and blue decorations go up in honor of himself and comrades, and waited patiently for the encampment to open.

Private Wiggins fought through the entire war, one year as a member of Company E, Eighth O. V. C., and three years in Company E, Forty-fourth O. V. V. I., and saw service in Shenandoah valley, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Part of his right hand is torn away, his left hand is injured, one lung is impaired, one eye gone and the sight of the other weakened, and powder marks and permanent burns cover his face and body.

The greater number of his injuries were received by Private Wiggins after the war at Soldiers' home, when a salute gun which he had been stationed there to fire exploded prematurely, almost costing his life.

England and Its Meat

New York Tribune.

"The roast beef of Old England" may yet again be purely English, or at any rate British. It is pointed out that Scotland produces more than enough cattle to feed its own people, and Ireland produces many times enough, while England herself has about enough for home consumption. The United Kingdom had in 1906 no fewer than 11,674,019 head of cattle, while New Zealand had only 1,736,850; Australia and Tasmania only 7,602,024, and the six Continental countries of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland only 10,-149,378. If the domestic supply were utilized at home, it is argued, exports might be abolished and the United Kingdom migt, so far as meat is concerned, become self-sustaining.

Dearest of Wild Cherries

Philadelphia Record.

The most expensive of wild cherries ever picked in Delaware county were bought by Policeman Thomas Clark, of Darby; Policeman John Carr, of the Yeadon police force, and John Mulherin, of this borough.

They drove over 20 miles, spent $6.20 in expenses and preliminaries, and got 58 little bitter cherries, at a cost of almost 11 cents a pucker.

HOW WALLS OF FORT MEIGS SAVED THE CONTINENT

When the Hardy Band of Pioneer Pathfinders Under Gen. W. H. Harrison Turned Back the British Army Under Proctor and Indian Allies.

The dedication September 1 of the monument to the soldiers who fell in and around Fort Meigs in the War of 1812 should be one of the most memorable events in the history of Toledo.

It should prove noteworthy for many reasons. First because the ceremony will mark the commemoration of a great historical event. Again it will refute the oft quoted untruth that republics are ungrateful. Further it will show that the people have recognized, tardy though that recognition may be, that political and economic blessings we now enjoy had their origin in the sturdy pioneers who believed in and fought for a greater America.

Then, too, the occasion will be marked by the presence of many notable men, statesmen and orators, who will lend their presence and their eloquence to the proper celebration of the event. The dedication should attract even greater crowds than did General Harrison himself when he made his famous campaign for the presidency in 1840. In that year he revisited the scene of his struggles with the British and delivered a speech on the very spot where now stands the beautiful shaft which is to be dedicated to the memory of his soldiers.

When "Old Tippecanoe" came to Fort Meigs and Maumee to seek the suffrages of the people he had saved to the republic he received one of the greatest ovations ever tendered a public man. It was estimated that more than 40,000 came to Fort Meigs to pay their respects to the famous old soldier and to listen to his speech on the issues of the campaign. There being no railroads at that time people came in wagons from a radius of 100 miles, and so great was the throng that one eye witness said it could be compared only to one of the migratory flights of the Ten Tribes of Israel.

There will be a repetition of this great crowd, and perhaps there will be a greater number present than attended the campaign meeting of "Old Tippecanoe."

The new monument was only erected after years of labor on the part of the Maumee Valley Pioneer and Historical association. For a long time efforts were made to interest the state legislature in the purchase of the ground surrounding the fort, but without success. The society finally took the initiative itself by buying the 8½ acres on which the fort stood, the money for this purpose having been subscribed by patriotic citizens of Toledo. This was six years ago. Two years afterward Senator Austin introduced a bill to have the historic ground made a state park. The measure became a law, but did not carry with it an appropriation. In 1906, however, the state legislature gave $25,000 for the purchase of 36 acres, the remainder of the appropriation to be used for a monument. In buying the land $10,800 was expended, leaving $14,000 for the shaft. A further appropriation of $5,000 was given for maintenance, this money to be used in clearing the land and beautifying the grounds.

Fort Meigs received its name from one of the early governors of Ohio, Return Jonathan Meigs. The fort was located on the high plateau opposite what is now the village of Maumee, and was in the form of an irregular ellipse. It was enclosed by sharpened palisades fifteen feet long and twelve inches in diameter cut from the adjoining forest. Nine strong block houses were erected in bastions at convenient angles of the fort. These block houses were equipped with cannon in addition to the regular gun and mortar batteries. The magazine, forges, repair shops, store houses and officers' quarters were located in the western end of the fort.

The construction of the fort was begun in 1813, after the disastrous defeat of General Hull at Detroit and the massacre of General Winchester's troops on the Raisin river, near Monroe, then called Frenchtown.

Fort Meigs was the great store house for the western army and the rallying point for troops. It was the pivotal point in the war, at least so far as the west was concerned. The English besieged it twice, but it resisted both efforts of General Proctor and his Indian allies at the head of whom was Tecumseh. Had the fort capitulated Commodore Perry would never have won the battle of Lake Erie, and the whole of what is now known as the "middle west," including such great states as Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, might now be a part of the Dominion of Canada.

Had it not been for the stubborn resistance of Fort Meigs the tide of British invasion would probably never have been rolled back and Perry would never have had a chance to complete his ships which swept the British craft from Lake Erie. It was to General Harrison at Fort Meigs that Commodore Perry sent his famous message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours," a message that thrilled the nation and revived in the breasts of the fighting patriots the hope and undying spirit that animated the revolutionists at Valley Forge and at Yorktown.

After Hull surrendered at Detroit General Harrison was placed in command of the western army, and 10,-000 troops were enlisted for his operations. His first important step was to build Fort Meigs. A few days after the fort was completed General Proctor arrived at the mouth of the Maumee river. He came over from Malden (now Amherstburg) Ontario, and had 400 regulars, 500 Canadians and a train of heavy artilery on board small vessels. The British occupied Fort Miami on the west side of the Maumee, and but a short distance from Fort Meigs. Their Indian allies, under Tecumseh, were encamped close by. They erected their heavy ordnance on a high embankment opposite Fort Meigs, and on May 1 they opened fire with four batteries.

General Harrison had but 500 men available in the fort. He realized that this number was insufficient to resist the siege, and he dispatched a scout to General Clay, who was marching north with a large force of Kentuckians. The dispatch bade Clay hurry forward with his reinforcements with the greatest speed.

General Harrison then set the troops to work throwing up an embankment of earth which extended longitudinally through the middle of the fort, 900 feet in length, having a width at the base of 20 feet and 12 feet in height. Behind this embankment the army retired.

The soldiers dug bomb-proof caves at the base of the embankment, and for several days they ate and slept in these holes, while the British with a storm of red-hot shot and shell plowed up the earth all about them. The bomb-proof retreats soon filled with mud and water, owing to a heavy rain which had set in, and this drove the troops out into the open air behind the embankme.nt

Three days after the siege was begun a large force of Indians, together with a British detachment, crossed the river below Fort Meigs and placed two batteries on the edge of a small ravine within 250 yards of the fort. This subjected the garrison to a cross-fire while the Indians perched upon tree tops, poured in a deadly hail from their lofty eminences.

Proctor, thinking he had the Americans at bay, commanded General Harrison to surrender, but "Old Tippecanoe" sent back a dignified but indignant refusal. "Tell your general," he said, "that if he obtains possession of this fort it will be under circumstances that will do him far more honor than would my surrender."

The messenger which General Harrison had dispatched to General Clay returned to the fort on May 4, bringing the intelligence that the Kentuckian, with 1,200 militiamen, were then in the river and would reach the fort in two hours. They had with them 18 large barges.

General Harrison ordered that Clay land 800 men on the north bank, seize and spike the British cannon and then cross the river to Fort Meigs. The remaining 400 Kentucky militia were to remain on the southern bank, close to the fort and fight their way to the gates, the garrison making sallies to aid the movement.

Had these orders of General Harrison been carried out the terrible disaster to Colonel Dudley and his men would never have blotted the pages of the history of that war. Dudley, who was second in command of the Kentuckians, led the van and silently, under the cover of darkness, marched down upon the British batteries. They completely surprised the English, spiked their guns and routed them from their position. Had they then crossed the river and entered the fort, as they had been commanded, they would not have fallen into trap which the wily Indians had set for them. The blood of the Kentuckians was aroused from their success, and they pursued their victory too far. Cheering wildly they dashed after the fleeing savages who led them into the forest where they were quickly surrounded by a multitude of Indians. They realized, but only when it was too late, that they had fallen into an ambuscade, and in their confusion they tried to retreat. From behind trees and bushes came a leaden hail, while many savages, with tomahawks in hand, attacked them. To add to their plight a body of British regulars came up from Fort Miami and threw themselves between the river and the retreating Americans. Then the trap, so well laid, was sprung in all its horror and savagery. The Americans were literally cut to pieces. Only about 150 fought their way through and escaped to the fort across the river. Four hundred were captured and marched down the river, and 250 were slain in the battle. The prisoners were made to run the gauntlet and many of them were butchered by the savages. General Harrison is reported to have said, when he learned of the fate of the Kentuckians: "Can I not find soldiers who will learn to obey my orders?"

The 400 prisoners were stripped of most of their clothing by the Indians, who held a fearful orgie shortly after the battle. With tomahawks and knives they whetted their appetites for blood on the defenseless Americans while the English looked on and offered little or no objection. In extenuation of their conduct one of their historians has said that the British were afraid to arouse the ire of the but 400 of the Shawnee braves, at the head of whom was Tecumseh.

After the firing had kept up for some time General Harrison decided to make a sortie from the southern gate of the fort. The troops attacked the British batteries in the ravine, spiked the guns and took 42 prisoners of war. Then followed an armistice for burying the dead and exchanging prisoners.

General Proctor, on May 9 decided to abandon the siege, and anchoring his gunboats under the American batteries he embarked his troops, though subject to constant fire, and sailed away to Malden.

Proctor returned ten days later with a force of 5,000 whites and Indians, but they attempted no assault on the fort. The Indians tried another ruse to entrap the Americans, but this time they failed.

Engaging in a sham battle among themselves in the woods they thought to draw out General Clay, who was then in command, by creating the belief that the enemy was firing upon comrades coming to the relief of the garrison. But General Clay was not deceived. Proctor and his Indian allies lifted the siege on May 28, and started for Fort Stephenson, near Fremont, when they met defeat at the hands of young Croghan.

The garrison at Fort Meigs lost in the siege, from May 1 to 5, 81 men killed and 89 wounded in addition to the killed and massacred troops of Col. Dudley. All the dead lie buried near the scenes of battle.

The inability of the British to capture Fort Meigs proved to be the turning point in the war, which began so ingloriously for the Americans. After Proctor failed to defeat Harrison a string of disasters followed the English arms. Croghan secured a victory at Fort Stephenson, Perry won on Lake Erie, and the Union Jack was again lowered at the Battle of the Thames. In this last fight Tecumseh was killed.

The foregoing defeats crushed the power of the English in the west and played a mighty part in the determination of the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

It is to commemorate these momentous events that the shaft which will be dedicated September 1 was erected, and who can more appreciate the significance of the struggles of the early empire builders than the remaining members of that once gallant host that fought for the preservation of the Union?

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Henry G. Burton, of Atchison, whose slum work has given him wide knowledge of the poor, was praising America's many country week associations. "They do a great deal of good," he said, "and nothing is more interesting than to go on one of these country week excursions in charge of a lot of slum children who have never seen the country before. A kindhearted little slum girl in my party saw, one evening, a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted:

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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ALASKA WHEAT.

The Blade learns that Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has prepared an expose of so-called "Alaska wheat," a story of which was printed last week. The Blade at the time stated the story was given for what it was worth, and it seems that it was not worth much. We will give the result of Secretary Wilson's investigation as soon as possible.

ED. WEEKLY BLADE.

It isn't polite for even an artist to hit his soul mate with the potato masher.

The man who expects to reverse the law of gravity is still running at large.

Mr. Bryan doesn't care much for fishing. Running for the presidency is his favorite sport.

Cuba has a school-book scandal to deal with. For an infant republic that is going some.

The man who just loafs around is never in any danger of being run down by prosperity.

It will have to be admitted that Captain Hains has Harry Thaw beaten in the matter of going crazy.

When a man hits his "affinity" with an ax or a stovelid it seems safe to guess that he is coming out of it.

"Americans smoked fifty-five billions of cigarets last year." There is still work for Aunt Carrie Nation to do.

There's danger that if the seven tons of eggs seized at Detroit follow the bad egg tradition they will bob up again somewhere.

The former dictator of Portugal declares that he is out of politics, which is equivalent to admitting that he got it in the neck.

Some people are so easily mistaken that they think a spellbinder is silver-tongued when, as a matter of fact, he is leather-lunged.

That wasn't a bad story from Oyster Bay, telling how a meteorite just missed President Roosevelt's house by falling back of the barn.

Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, has been attempting to make "Bryan" rhyme with "trying," but at last reports he had not met with success.

Any Republican who announces that he is going to turn from Taft and vote for Bryan might do well to furnish a diagram of his grievances.

Three candidates for the presidency have promised to call congress immediately after the inauguration. That leaves little hope of escape.

Carrie Nation says the next generation is likely to be naked. There is reason to fear that Aunt Carrie is becoming the least bit pessimistic.

Naturally Mr. Bryan is finding that Mr. Taft has some faults, but he does not go to the extreme of saying the Republican nominee talks too much.

The question, "Shall the people rule?" is one-sided, but that won't keep the country debating societies from taking it up for discussion next winter.

Eugene V. Debs will campaign in a jumper and overalls. It cannot be expected that a man of Mr. Taft's embonpoint will try anything so novel as that.

Mr. Bryan says he will visit only the states that are not sure for him, thus contradicting the statement that he will not do much traveling during the campaign.

The county fair, which was reported several years ago to be in the throes of dissolution, is still attracting the attention of lovers of ice cream candy and popcorn balls.

A member of the 400 says smart society in New York needs "holiness, culture, wit, grace and consideration for others." It is to be assumed that it is all right otherwise.

It must bring considerable wear and tear to the nerve force of a candidate who must go through a campaign trying to make a forlorn hope resemble a foregone conclusion.

Scientists say that no person living has a perfect ear. And yet the politicians are happy if they can induce a voter to lend them an ear, no matter how defective it may be.

The Democrats are determined to defeat Uncle Joe Cannon for congress, and they have only two months in which to do it. Two years would seem none too long for a job of that magnitude.

Making reference to Castro the Detroit News says, "Spank him, Miss Wilhelmina," forgetting that Wilhelmina is married and is expecting soon to have somebody in her own family to spank.

When Mr. Bryan visited Salem, Ill., his birthplace, the other day the band played "Home, Sweet Home." Perhaps the Lincoln, Neb., band will play the same tune for him on the night of November 3.

Mr. Bryan will make speeches during the campaign. He would rather not run at all than be deprived of the grand privilege of thrilling hearts and raising goose pimples on the backs of his faithful followers.

SEEKING THE SOIL.

Advice to grow things, was there ever such a raft of it? From flowers to forests, from guinea pigs to grizzly bears, the ardent student of nature will find that someone has tried them and has imparted his enthusiasms and despairs, successes and trials.

This stampede for the country and this anxiety to be involved in the labors of creating things is a national movement. It means weariness with the city and distrust with its promises of reward. A realization has come to the minds of people, particularly of the old native American stock, that the town eats too deeply into vitality and that generations raised within the environs of crowded districts peter out as veins of gold dwindle in the depths of mines. It is this admission of city failure that is bringing about, mostly unconsciously, the widening of town circumference. The tendency points to the rehabilitation of cities so that, under this centrifugal swinging, the great corporations of the future will, with the aid of bettering transportation, become of immense diameter, possibly a hundred miles.

In the meantime the desire for the open waxes. And to no one like the city born and bred does the miracle of the earth appeal. That a thing of beauty and usefulness will spring from a seed fills the brain with wonder. The lust to plant and nurse and reap has nothing to equal it except the pleasure found in talking or writing about it. Strange phases have developed. The amateur spirit persists. The direction taken by these growers of vegetables and breeders of animals has sometimes seemed ridiculous to the old-time farmer, more in the past than now. But these new countrymen have found additional sources of food supply, and they have broadened the field in which the husbandman may work. They have been among the first to seize the chance to experiment with exotic plants and, of late, they have suggested entirely fresh lines in which breeders can interest themselves.

Take the instance of raising venison for the market which recently was discussed in the press. It was a wanderer from the city who tried it first and who made the declaration that it was feasible. Down in Pennsylvania a number of persons are attempting to bring the growing of frogs to a marketable stage, and some are reported to have succeeded. The skunk farm is an old story, but the silver fox ranch is not. This advice comes from a government source, but watch some eager city man seize it. It seems that a domestic breed of these beautifully furred animals is within the realm of practicability. And, as the pelts bring from $500 to $2,000 apiece, someone is bound to give the idea of the biological survey a test.

Advice has a reputation for cheapness, both in price and intrinsic value. The kind which the farmer from the skyscraper turns out may not lift the tone of countryside counsel, but it will certainly expand the circle of human endeavor.

HOW CRIMINALS THINK.

The case of George W. Fitzgerald—should time prove him guilty—is typical of criminal methods. The man was a trusted employe of the government. He had worked himself up to a relatively high position through the exercise of such capabilities as all employers prize. Yet, somewhere in the man's brain lurked that instinct for viciousness. And it was as natural as his fall from rectitude that he should labor for his own betrayal.

In the theft of $173,000 there were signs of rare cunning. The money was taken so deliberately that suspicion was directed at once upon the assorting teller. But he, if he had stolen it, was enabled to summon all his courage to combating the charge, to make himself appear sinned against and not sinning, to give the semblance of one persecuted in case the examining authorities should be severe with him. As a result of keeping his spirit taut, he escaped for the moment, with nothing worse than discharge from his position.

So far, the criminal had been logical. He had played the part of the normal man. But the bias would not carry his courage to the point of self-denial. It was but a candle-flame to begin with. Fitzgerald was aware that the government never drops the chase. It rests at periods, but does not forget. The dismissed teller, though, could not bear this in mind. The money was always by him to tempt him to spend it. He could not keep his fingers from it. The criminal in him made him play the sophist with himself. A little venture here succeeded. So he tried another venture there. Every penny that he let go of went to the purchase of a net which was finally to capture him and give him over to justice for punishment.

It is this weakness of the criminal, the impossibility of thinking in a straight line from cause to effect, that is the greatest safeguard of society. Seldom is one able to make such a haul as $173,000. But the greater malefactor is as powerless as the filcher of door mats. The elements for his detection dwell within him.

EFFICIENCY.

It has seemed ridiculous to force an officer of coast artillery to undergo the ninety-mile riding tests now engaging the United States army. The President has been criticised and the criticism has not been confined to those nagging journals afflicted with Rooseveltophia. Most of the fault-finding is based upon a misconception of the purposes of the order.

The government is not anxious to be assured that every military officer can mount a horse and stay upon its back for a given number of miles. To prove that every officer can do so would be flattering to the horsemanship of the service, though it is far from being an essential in every arm. What the war department is trying to learn is whether the bearers of commissions are physically fit. Horseback riding is one way of discovering if this be so. It is such a test as lifting weights, or blowing a tin can full of wind, only a test and nothing more.

The cry of the present is efficiency. It is the thing that every employer demands of his clerks, of his foremen, of his shovelers; it is what he demands of himself. Note this urgency in every line, from watchfulness at grade crossings to running an insurance company. Though the trade unions declare they are formed for the benefit of the average craftsman as well as for the most skillful, they are all tending toward placing capability as among the requirements for a card. This is the secret of the question asked of the applicant for employment, "do you drink?" It is why several of the railroads have informed their men that the smoking of cigarets is sufficient cause for dismissal. Efficiency is the watchword of the period. It is, at once, the menace of the drones and the careless, and of the time-honored system of seniority. In exercising the tests, some injustice will always be worked to individuals, but, in the end, the many will be benefited and the personnel stripped of its weaklings.

Since in civil life efficiency is the command of the day, surely it should be as much so in the army. To hold office under the government merely for a score or so of years should not commend a man for promotion, or even for retaining his position. He should be made to prove that he is prepared for any call from his country. Until a better method of inquiry is found, the officers ought to accept the ordeal of shaken livers and telescoped vertebrae without betraying their injured feelings.

BRYAN'S HOPES.

When Louis Bennett was nominated by the state Democratic convention of West Virginia, he endorsed a platform which:

Favors amending the constitution so as to preserve the purity of the ballot from evils resulting from conferring such powers and privileges upon those who are unfit to appreciate its importance.

A "Jim Crow" resolution was also adopted and then a congratulatory telegram from W. J. Bryan was read:

I greatly appreciate the cordial indorsement given by your convention, and share with you in the hope that the hearty co-operation promised may insure a Democratic victory in West Virginia and the nation.

What the colored people might expect to obtain from the Democratic party is the mercy the turkey gets in November, as painless as possible and quickly over.

THESE AUGUST NIGHTS.

Not to acquaint oneself with the fascinations of the August night is to pass through the month with bars before the soul. Our northern skies are never so fiery with stars as now. The folk of the woods and the grass are never so joyous. The velvet darkness is never so caressing, so soft and confiding.

The way to learn the most of the night hereabouts is to make for the open before dusk comes on. There are reaches left up the river unmarked with even the stakes of the realty boomers, bits of wildwood deep and yielding with mosses and the dead stalks of the early flowers. The step crackles with the sound of snapping branches and tangles send the venturer on long and stumbling detours. Watch the lights of day shimmer and fade, the shadows grow longer until they, too, disappear, and what was shadow is sharp edged reflection upon the water. Then build a fire on the sand. In its embers are all the romances known to man. They loosen the imagination until it roves untrammeled over all the earth. Talk dies down and one holds communion with the inmost thoughts of his heart. The vagrant mind leaps from childhood to the far days of old age. It plays with the little things that content the infant and surges on noble missions for the regeneration of mankind. The whip-poor-will cries his mournful advice, and the nighthawk shouts his triumph with every capture. The insects chant their monotone like a sawmill anxious to be no more noisy than need be. And over all, travel the "infinite shining heavens."

It is difficult not to go looting the poets for description to fit the nights of a northern August. Language finds itself halting in the task of praise. They are rather to be felt than to be analyzed or set upon paper, or even to be translated into terms of music. More valuable than the pictures of beauty they give is the cleansing essence they pour upon the spirit. It brings back respect in the primitive. The present, with all its difficulties and problems and irritations slips into perspective with the past. The future is no gulf, but a field wherein philosophy will walk and good-temper and pride will go by one's side. Destiny alone will prevail.

If you have not let August give you all that the month would give, try the formula of dusk and fire and the walk home. You may make new discoveries in living.

PERGOLAS.

You may follow the generations of Americans by the trail of their architecture. Each has had its taste, sometimes good, as often bad. Some favorite form has appealed to the eye of one period and been offensive to the next, and then, in the leaping years, the great grandsire has been praised and his ideas seized and with them maybe his hearth and his windows.

If the present generation is to have an architectural monument, it seems very likely to be represented by the pergola, lifted entire from the archives of Roman Italy. So far, its presence is not marked in Toledo, but the outdoor magazines make it appear infectious among a great class of Americans. Its simple whiteness adorns the rocky shores of Maine and in California the swift-growing vines have been made to over-run it until it is a tunnel of sweet-smelling coolness.

The fashion is one of the most charming that has ever affected America. It is one not likely to be early outworn and cast aside. Judged by their pictures pergolas are things to be yearned for, and, once possessed, beloved.

CRUSHING CRIME.

The governor of Kentucky has pardoned two men accused of shooting night riders and saved them from the expense which a trial would make necessary. This will go some distance toward relieving him of the charges of dilatoriness and uncertainty.

For Governor Willson has done little so far to break up the lawlessness which is disgracing his state. He has dispatched the militia to certain threatening districts and has demanded explanations of the local authorities for their apparent lukewarmness. But the national guard has been laughed at by the barn-burners and, in one instance, a railroad company has been informed that its track would be torn up unless it forced the military to camp elsewhere than on the right-of-way. The outrages have continued wherever there was opposition to the will of the equity association. This hasn't been strong because nearly everyone not in sentiment with the marauding bands has been horsewhipped, ruined or driven out of the country. The night riders have run short of material.

The suppression of crime is not a business that permits of dilly-dallying. It calls for the swift and crushing blow. The offenders must be punished and those with a weakness for viciousness taught to keep to the paths of the law. Governor Willson has not yet put his state right with the nation.

THE NEW FARMER.

The American farmer has become the world's greatest experimentalist. He has cast aside an ancient prejudice against change of ways. He is not only demanding the best of machinery and the highest grade of seeds and the bluest blooded of stock, but he is inventing new mechanisms, developing better seed and breeding animals that vie with those raised by specialists.

One can hardly pick up a periodical of today without learning of some new line of thought and labor which the farmers are pursuing. They have seized the ideas of the experiment stations and agricultural colleges with avidity and then proceeded to improve upon them. It is natural that they should. Once the value of test growths was realized by the tiller of the soil, his own fancy, out of the broadness of experience, could presage possibilities.

When the production of wheat per acre in the northwest began to show a decrease there was no little alarm throughout the country. But the farm people have set to work to offset the falling yield. They are now advocating a selection of seed, the rotation of crops and intensification of cultivation. It is reasonable to expect that Minnesota will produce as much per acre within the next ten years as the state did twenty years ago before the soil had begun to show any signs of wear.

In another direction the experimental work is showing marked results. The question of dry-farming, discussed more or less for a score of years, is being considered scientifically. In Utah now farming is carried on where the annual average rainfall is only 15 inches, often slightly less. The mean annual precipitation of Ohio is from 30.6 inches at Toledo to 37.3 at Cincinnati. Moreover, the wet weather of Utah comes in the fall, winter and spring months, the summer season having almost continuously clear skies. Yet wheat and alfalfa are grown at a profit in the Great Basin. It has been noticed that under the best methods of tillage in that region the land appears to remain highly productive, even where no other crop than wheat is grown.

In eastern Colorado, settlers, with the advice of those long in the country, are finding livings in the dry plains with little more irrigation than can be obtained from a well. Farmers, by tests, many of them most costly, have discovered the crops which will grow in earth which is almost as unwatered as dust. The rapid way in which the land is being taken up in the districts of little rainfall is an indication that the tests have met with encouraging returns.

However conservative the farmer is about his politics and his religion and his views on morality, he has rid himself of most of his old-time fixed ideas about agriculture and is leading the professional state experimentalists in the search for new methods.

ISLAM IN ARMOR.

Just as Mulai Hafid comes into his brother's kingdom and sets about stamping out the last embers of opposition to his rule of Morocco, the flames of revolt mount to the skies in Persia, and the Young Turk seeks the reactionary whom he may devour.

War is in the air of Islam this year. The old order is passing, some of it in smoke and some in frank surrender. Though Mulai Hafid has conquered Morocco with an appeal to prejudice against the foreigner and savage ridicule of the former sultan's love for Occidental toys, he is nevertheless preparing to be exceedingly friendly with Europe. He needs the aid of capital in order to maintain an army, without which he cannot collect taxes and run his realm. He will give concessions, it is rumored, to Americans and Englishmen who are willing to take chances out of hope for large returns. Morocco, instead of barring the door to progress, will open it the wider. There is very likely to be a scramble among the nations of the old country to see who can get through the quicker and establish its trade.

In Persia the constitutional movement appears to have grown beyond its original intention. It was content at first to accept whatever grant the Shah was willing to make, just so it carried the label of liberty. But the Shah's haughtiness is like to be fatal. He is in the position of the man who has refused a beggar a nickel and is knocked down and robbed of his all. The revolutionists are increasing in numbers and bringing more strongholds under their contol. Power once tasted seldom halts at the first signal of giving way. The Shah will be fortunate, from present indications, if he escapes with his life while the rebels drop the pursuit to quarrel over the scepter.

Turkey, for the moment, is marching the streets and blowing the horn and issuing newspapers. Abdul Hamid disliked the press and suppressed it where he could and hampered it always. So the sight of unfettered journals is an actual novelty in Constantinople and hundreds are being published where a score were printed before. But the Young Turk, when he is through celebrating, will probably go after the sultan's head. For the old sultan is a shifty gentleman and will never rest until he has recovered all his ancient sovereignty. Until he is out of the way the recovery of Turkey will be a matter of doubt. Moderation is an excellent thing, except where it is foolish, and, there are many diplomatists who think the Young Turk is too gentle in his treatment of the overthrown regime.

Islam has been slow, but it shows a desire to catch up.

CHASTENING CASTRO.

It looks as if Castro, president and major-domo in extenso of Venezuela, was about to meet with what in Arkansas is called his "come-up-ins." The government of the United States has signified its approval of any plans for reprisal which Holland may decide upon. The rest of the world, being less concerned, will not interfere either.

Queen Wilhelmina's ministry is going about the business deliberately in the way that is characteristically Dutch. It desires to fail as little as any nation would, and wishes, at the same time, to avoid the appearance of seizing the opportunity of quarreling with a weaker foe. The method by which Castro will be brought to his knees will probably be the "peaceful blockade" scheme. The ports of Venezuela will be closed to commerce. Vessels will be permitted neither to enter nor to depart except with such restrictions that will hamper the local authorities and not work a hardship upon foreign shipping. After a show of power the customs houses may be seized and the blockade lifted. The receipts from duties will be confiscated until Holland is satisfied that, in a monetary way, its dignity has been avenged.

The report that the department of state at Washington was lending its aid to a revolutionary movement now under way in New York city must not be accepted in full faith. It is altogether unlikely that Secretary Root would openly countenance such a thing. It would be a bad precedent, however much the United States is anxious to punish the little executive. If filibustering expeditions against Venezuela are to be permitted to organize in this country, other attempts to overthrow the governments of our neighbors might demand a similar immunity. South and Central America, with whom we are more anxious than ever to keep on friendly terms, would look upon the protection of the United States in this case with anything except a kindly eye. Their own positions are not so secure that they would wink at this disregard of international amenities.

The affair must remain one between the Netherlands and Venezuela. We can do no more than keep our fingers out of the mess, giving Holland merely a moral support. If Castro is overthrown America may take up its disputes with his successor with some show of obtaining a fair consideration of the asphalt claims.

By the way the wind sets it appears that the chance for presenting our complaints will come sooner than Washington had at first expected.

KERN IS NOTIFIED.

Whatever uneasiness John Worth Kern has felt about his candidacy for the vice presidency is now dismissed. He has been notified that he can go ahead and has been urged to run as hard as he can. The previous political history of Mr. Kern shows that he does run hard.

The candidate who is counted upon most hopefully to bring Indiana into the Democratic corral agrees with Mr. Bryan that the issue is "Shall the people rule?" It is apparent that the Democratic party, wanting in definite views as to the needs of the country, intends to harp upon this watchword throughout the campaign. It threatens a laborious autumn to the spellbinders since no man, without willful misstatement of fact, can talk at length upon the subject with any degree of ease. In spite of the fact that the catch-term has so far fallen flat, that it has been ignored by many of the leading Democratic newspapers, the chance of the election has been waged upon its taking hold. The thing indicates either desperation, or insincerity of purpose upon the part of those at the head of the ticket.

While Mr. Kern was supposed to be the center of the scenery at Indianapolis yesterday he was cast into the deep shadows by the presence of his chief. For Mr. Bryan had come all the way from Nebraska to see his mate started right. The reception to the home candidate was in reality a throwing of the spotlight upon the distinguished visitor. However, Mr. Kern will probably not feel hurt if it will bring him nearer to his heart's desire—to hold office at last.

CHAMP CLARK TO LEAD.

The house of representatives at the next session will be enriched by the elevation of Champ Clark to the Democratic leadership. John Sharp Williams, having been invited by the people of Mississippi to assume a seat in the senate, will abdicate, and until the opening of the Sixty-first congress will sit back and permit a crust of senatorial dignity to harden about him.

The informal decision to plant these honors upon the brow of Champ Clark should be hailed with delight by all who have tired of the dull monotone of the house in the last two or three years. Williams has vim and ginger, Bourke Cockran has a nimble and entertaining charlatanism, Joseph Cannon lends a flavor of spice, but all have shown signs of indolence. They have wearied of furnishing amusement to the galleries. The one perpetual fount of picturesqueness is Champ Clark. In no derogatory sense, it may be said that he never dries up. He exudes humor and the homely flavor of Missouri as an ice cooler does water. He is best when in the midst of a hot fire of debate. He is quick and direct and his bite seldom reaches beneath the skin. But he can rant as well as any other man. The noise he has raised on occasion has penetrated into the most secluded corner of Pike county, where his admiring advocate, the "one-gallus" voter, dwells.

In choosing Champ Clark, the Democrats will deliver a blow below the belt to David Albaugh De Armond, also of Missouri. De Armond has been ambitious to lead the forlorn hope for years. He has crowded "John Sharp" rather closely at times and the two are not very fond of each other. In fact they fell out so far last winter that blows fell upon the cheeks of either and the house, though enjoying it tremendously, declared it was a shameful exhibition of jealousy. But De Armond would never be the choice of the galleries for leader. He is the apotheosis of facts. Statistics and exact history bristle from him as thorns from a locust tree. He sounds in speech like a planing mill. Words come from him with hard, cutting burrs on them, and after an hour or two of listening the stranger, holding his ears, seeks the nearest drug store and directs the clerk to drop olive oil into them. He is impatient with the satisfying trappings of language and this, doubtless, worked for his defeat. Champ Clark's stock in trade is David De Armond's poverty.

The country will look forward to the next session with something akin to eagerness.

A POLICE MOB.

A cowboy was arrested in Denver the other day on a charge of murdering a policeman. When he was brought into the station by detectives, police officers swarmed about the prisoner and beat him to the floor with their clubs.

The mob is the vilest aspect of man, the mob spirit cowardly and inhuman beyond words. To discover the savage passion in the servants employed to protect the people from just such savagery is the most disturbing of threats. It gives something of a clew to the prevalence of the barbarity. The Colorado police riot is akin to civil war, a mockery of the right of the law and the charity of justice. It is a stain upon a system of constabulary and hints darkly of other possible paroxysms of authority.

Denver may look forward to more disgraceful outbursts unless it proceeds to punish these policemen to the extreme.

BUTTERFLIES.

One of those mysterious movements in nature, the swarming of butterflies, is now being experienced in Bohemia.

Enormous numbers have passed through Asch and the surrounding country, leaving behind them stripped vegetation and thousands upon thousands of eggs. On a single leaf as many as twenty nests, each containing 1,000 eggs, were found. This means the hatching out of 20,000 ravenous caterpillars. This swarm is only one of the many that are devastating Bohemia. In one of the districts given up to the cultivation of cabbage the crop is quite lost. At Oelnitz, the butterflies flew in at the open windows of an embroidery factory in such numbers that the machines became clogged by their bodies, and work had to be suspended for the day. The swarms appear invariably to fly southwest.

Naturalists have offered many explanations for these swarmings of insects. But they have been wanting in plausibility. Where the insects come from in such masses does not seem to be known. If they have gathered from different quarters why have they formed themselves into devastating armies and proceeded to lay waste country where their progeny will suffer in the desert they have left? Where do they go to? And why do they persist in keeping to a fixed direction in spite of winds, rivers and the barriers of hills?

These are problems of natural history apparently unsolvable. It is altogether probable that scientists will never suggest answers which are satisfactory at every point. Mother nature has a gift at secrecy.

DRUGS AND THE LAW.

The druggists of Ohio are greatly troubled. They dread the effect of the application of the Rose county option law. According to the Midland Druggist, published at Columbus, the number of so-called drug stores in some towns in the state have more than doubled within ninety days after a local option election, each owned by a former saloonkeeper and run under the certificate of a broken-down pharmacist unable to secure employment with a reputable druggist, or who has been tempted by extra salary. Naturally, the multiplication of stores works to the hardship of the established and self-respecting pharmacists and furthermore increases the prejudice against their profession.

There are three classes, says the Midland Druggist: First—Those who consider the annoyance and expense of handling intoxicating liquors "as far outweighing the profit and indirect benefit possible therefrom and who totally refuse to handle or deal in them in their unmedicated form;" second—those who, though not soliciting such business, carry a small line "which they sell to special customers who do not wish to patronize the saloon, but habitually keep a small bottle of whisky in their homes for family use;" third—those who seek a profit out of liquor.

Now of the first class, everyone who has dwelt in "dry" districts will agree with the Midland Druggist, that it is constantly growing. The second class is ever recruiting the first. The third class must be considered one with the saloon-owned pharmacies, though, not by any means, having always received its backing, or inspiration, from the liquor dealer put out of the running by local option elections.

The druggist has a right to demand sympathy. He is often between the devil and the deep sea. By refusing to carry intoxicants he offends a lot of customers who call for them but seldom. These do not distinguish between the stores. All of them look alike to the man in the street. And if he does sell whisky clandestinely or outside the provisions of the act, the druggist is breaking the law and is liable to punishment. The "wildcat" drug stores on one side make life miserable for him and threaten him with bankruptcy. The law, on the other side, is a barrier that no one wishes to cross, but, which if transgressed, may possibly mean either a fixed commercial position, or actual increase in income. It is hard that anyone should be expected to make a choice of two such paths.

But there is a solution and a plain one, in spite of the Midland Druggist's mournfulness. First of all, the pharmacist must obey the law. Secondly, he can force others to obey it and must not hold back because the rival who is hurting him came from the same college and maybe wears the same fraternity badge. There is not only nonsense in the class clannishness, but also injury. A druggist who is carrying on his business legitimately knows what others are doing. Thirdly, pharmacists are always an influence in a community and can, if they go after it, obtain recognition of their obedience to the statute from those who can aid them.

The whole matter, as it strikes The Blade, lies within the hands of the druggist.

CONVICT BULLPENS.

The other states of the south are taking the dust of Georgia. That commonwealth has sprung into the lead with reform legislation, and is determined, so long as the housecleaning has started, to make as clean a job of it as the progress of the times will permit.

A committee of legislators has been meeting for several weeks to investigate the convict lease system. It has brought out such tales of horror, such unspeakable "stories" of the methods of handling prisoners, that the state feels its hair rising from the thought of it. The inquiry is proceeding with the painstaking detail of an inquisition, but unofficial Georgia is more than satisfied. It has heard enough, and would be glad for its credit if the examination would halt. The lease system is doomed, and forever. The legislature, in all likelihood, will pass a bill, by a nearly unanimous vote, repealing the law which permits the outrage.

A great scandal is often a purge to a people. Its very awfulness will result in reformation. Georgia's own great poet wrote of—

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And right out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

The cynical will wonder why the evil has been permitted to exist as long as it has. The people of Georgia must not be criticised too severely for this. For how many of us, even in the north, are aware how our prisons are conducted? Men come and go, are born and die, and hardly give a thought to such an institution as a penitentiary. Convicts are creatures so far from the ordinary highways of life that when a traveler occasionally catches sight of the striped clothes and the shaven crown he is shocked, and eagerly accepts the changing view which will cleanse his mind of the memory. Even the county jails are no more than piled blocks of stone to the average citizen. He may pass them for months and never give a glance at the barred windows.

Possibly before Georgia has ceased to catch the odor of its muck-heap other states in the south where the lease system is in effect will set about remedying the mischief. It prevails more generally than is thought. The convict camps of Georgia could be duplicated in Arkansas and Louisiana, and, in days past, rumors have come from them which legislators have found difficulty in smothering. The thing is said to be profitable, at least self-supporting. But the south, so anxious to attract capital and settlers, will discover that it pays very poorly to maintain anything so offensive to civilization, however little money and labor might come in contact with the convict lease system.

The next meeting of the Georgia legislature will be expected to show the way out.

PLEADING FOR THORNS.

Colonel Stewart's ambition has altered of recent months. Once he was anxious for elevation in the army and then his heart's desire was to remain in active service. Just now every thought is concerned with lifting himself to the dazzling pinnacle of martyrdom.

The history of Colonel Stewart narrates, under seal of sworn affidavits, that he has manufactured several martyrs in his day. He has made his subordinates suffer from the regulations which compel a man to obey orders, however humiliating and unjust. He has compelled them to stand meekly at attention while he abused them. He has forced men, his inferior in rank, but his superior in manhood, to beg for relief from his tyrannies. All this is set forth in the chronicles of Colonel Stewart's career.

So if he prepares his body for the cloak of the martyr and his brow for the halo, he has some knowledge of how to go about the affair. He has relatives of influence who will aid him, misguided persons bound to the code of family. Unfortunately though for him, the colonel represents only a small group of ballots and so he will probably not obtain the open help of politics in securing his crucifixion.

The country is the lucky one in that.

AT THE SEASHORE.

Atlantic City can always produce something new and startling for the entertainment of its guests. It is in the amusement business, first and last, and for the pennies and dollars there are in it.

Its very latest show is an expression of injured feelings, a thing entirely fresh to the natives though not, by any means, unknown to the tourists. The resort has had its own easy way so long that it has come to think of itself as a highly privileged institution indeed. It has kept the saloons wide open and the gambling chips rattling without regard to the laws of the sovereign state of New Jersey. It was proper the places should close elsewhere, but in Atlantic City it was so different, you know.

Governor Fort is disgusted with a grand jury which couldn't discover guilt in a street full of dives however hard it searched. He, as well as some thousand other persons, have made frequent trips to Atlantic City, and they know a good deal better. A grand jury like that was worse than a joke. It was a crime against good sense and ordinary everyday honesty. So the governor has sent word that Atlantic City can proceed to obey the regulations enforced against the rest of New Jersey, or be afflicted with the sight of men in khaki bearing magazine rifles and parading the board walk and snooping into saloons and trying the handles of doors. The governor's tone has a note of finality in it. Even the seashore, which finds it hard to take anything very serious, knows that he means what he says.

This is why the town is hurt. It is used to seeing its visitors going away with their faces long and troubled. But it never thought it would come to this misery itself. And for this reason, the stranger there should realize more than the usual amount of joyousness.

VARIETIES

Allen Winter wins the $50,000 harness derby at Readville.

A hotel is being built at Berlin which will be the largest in the world.

The houses of England, if placed in a line, would reach 27,000 miles.

Conversation is a good form of exercise for those afflicted with heart disease.

There are 30,000 proprietary medicines on the American market.

Electricity may be the means of fertilizing the ground in the future.

There are 70,000 acres of floor space in Manhattan island.

New York city has 133 department stores that employ 11,000 persons.

The Clyde shipbuilding yards produced 500 vessels during 1907, as compared with 372 the previous year.

Twenty million feathers are sent from Germany to England every year for millinery purposes.

It takes about 2,000,000 cords of wood a year to make the newspapers that go through the presses of New York city.

There are 20,000 dangerous criminals in Paris who are capable of doing murder, and 100,000 who live by dishonest means.

Failure of A. O. Brown Co., brokers of New York and Chicago, involving millions, shakes Wall street.

Walter L. Fisher is made active president of a new national league to conserve the country's natural resources.

John J. Greenough, inventor, scientist and philosopher, dies in Brookline, Mass., in his 97th year.

Big diamond haul made by treasury officials on liner from Europe turns out to consist of glass articles.

Of the 361 sorts of birds found in Great Britain, only 140 are residents all the year around.

Manhattan is the most densely populated island in the world, 99,150 persons to the square mile.

Nearly one-third of the immigrants who arrive in the port of New York never get beyond the city for a home.

In Massachusetts alone there is much neglected water-power going to waste than is available at Niagara Falls.

Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibitionist candidate for president, says that it is not imperative that a man be a total abstainer to belong to that party.

When New York city's Catskill aqueduct is completed the city will have water enough for a population of 7,000,000, without any cause for anxiety.

Experiments are being made with machinery on the Chilean nitrate fields which are expected to decrease the cost of production 50 per cent.

Walter Wellman writes from New York that reports from the West are that guarantee of bank deposits is rapidly becoming one of the chief issues of the campaign.

Guaranty plan of Democrats is decried by W. H. Taft sure to put a premium on reckless banking, with the loss ultimately upon the depositors.

Prince of stowaways is arrested in New York after making trip from Cuba as first-class passenger and becomes most popular man on the boat.

John N. Hutcherson is stopped in the midst of an exhortation addressed to negroes in a St. Louis mission when a mother presents him with a baby as a burden of sin.

According to Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, the famous Asiatic river Brahmaputra, rises from an enormous glacier in the northernmost Himalaya mountains.

The aggregate production of anthracite and bituminous coal in 1907 fell but little short of half a billion tons; in exact figures the product was 480,450,062 tons of 2,000 pounds.

A Danish expedition has gone to Greenland to put the 10,000 Eskimos who live on the southwest coast, in the way of earning a better living. It is hoped to open new branches of industry for them.

Five is the sacred number of the Chinese, who have five planets, five cardinal points, five virtues, five tastes, five musical tones, five ranks of nobility and five colors.

There has been a large increase in the number of emigrants from the port of New York during the last year, but the net result is that the city is growing at the rate of about 32,000 a month through immigration.

Hot weather has brought a marked increase in the number of children who are taken to the New York hospitals for treatment, and the diagnosis shows that 90 per cent of the trouble arises from improper feeding.

An electric railway is being built on the Zugspitze, the highest peak in the Alps, on Bavarian territory. Its height is about 10,000 feet. The railway will run to the summit, while a hotel will be built at the 7,000-foot level.

The electric furnace is capable of obtaining a heat of 7,200 degrees. This is a fearful temperature and will melt almost everything solid known to man. In comparison with this heat, a redhot iron bar would be called cold.

Saaen cheese is made in Switzerland from cow's milk. It is the custom to make a saaen cheese at the birth of a child and eat it at the burial feast, even at the burial feast of a son or daughter for whom it is made.

The total value of exports of breadstuffs, meat and dairy products, food animals, cotton and mineral oil for 1907 was $37,153,531, compared with $4,[illegible] last year. This is in spite of an increase in cotton from $5,301,329 to $6,417,138 and in mineral oil from $8,194,438 to $9,642,858.

Here is one man who does not limit himself to eight hours of work a day. A farmer of the Bedsworth district, Warwickshire, England, has created a record in connection with the hay harvest by working in one field for twenty hours in a single day. He began cutting at 1:30 a. m. and ceased at 10 o'clock at night, when the grass was turned.

"The Swamp Angel" was the name given by the federal soldiers to an eight-inch Parrott gun which was mounted on a battery built on piles driven in the swamp outside of Charleston, S. C., and used during the siege of that city. It burst August 22, 1863. After the war it was bought with some condemned cannon and sent to Trenton to be melted. But, having been identified, was set up as a granite base on the corner of Perry and Clinton streets in that city.

The Pan-American route from New York to Buenos Ayres is 16,400 miles. From New York to the southern boundary of Mexico is 3,700 miles and these two points are now connected by rail. From the southern border of Mexico to Buenos Ayres is 6,630 miles, and of this distance 2,500 miles is of railways over which trains are running, while there is an additional 400 miles under actual construction. This leaves a little more than 3,600 miles for the future.

A United States consular report shows that 22,419 miles of telegraph lines are operated by the Imperial Chinese telegraph company in 1906. The system has 34,473 miles of wire, a submarine cable 946 miles and 379 offices, of which 81 are open day and night and 317 for service only. The number of instruments was 768. At the head office in Shanghai the staff numbered 67 and the outside staff 3,175, while inspectors, linemen, etc., brought the total up to 2,400.

The largest rock crusher in the world was recently thrown into operation at a cement mill at South Pittsburg, Tenn., and it crushes all the rock used by a 4,000-barrel plant. The machine has an hourly capacity of 800 tons and 80 per cent of the product is in pieces of two inches or less and 30 per cent is in pieces of two inches or less. The crusher is fifteen feet in height and weighs about 90 pounds. The hopper is twenty feet in diameter. The operation of this machine requires twenty-nine horsepower.

The syndicate of market gardeners of Paris, France, one of whose principal objects is to further the export trade, has investigated the feasibility of exporting early vegetables to New York. Only difficulty experienced in obtaining a satisfactory arrangement for the cold storage of its products on the transatlantic vessels and the fact that the growing demand in England offers a sure and profitable market for more vegetables than the city can supply, has postponed the execution of the project.

Peonies were originally esteemed chiefly for beauty of bloom than for value as medicine. In recognition of its curative virtues, the peony was named after Paeon, the physician for the gods. An old writer says: "About an infant's neck hang peonie. It cures Alcydes' maladie." Nor did the use of the flower seem to then for peony water was sometimes drunk in bygone times, though whether as medicine or merely as a refreshing temperance beverage is more than modern writers can say.

We have found that thin spots in rubbers can be mended at home by applying a cement made from 5 cents' worth of real rubber dissolved in chloroform. Keep the bottle containing the cement tightly corked and apply with a small brush as quickly as possible that it may not harden. We used rubber cement to f

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2524—Ladies' Shirtwaist for Bordered Goods having seven-eighths length sleeves. A delightfully simple little pattern adaptable to almost any material. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2337—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with front-yoke and three-quarter length sleeves. As a separate garment, or as part of a costume, this model is both simple and stylish and suitable for any occasion. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2399—Girls' and Child's Dress, with round neck or short sleeve. An excellent model for a child's party frock made up in nainsook, batiste, lawn or thin silk and worn with or without a guimpe according to taste. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2421—Girl's and Child's Underwaist and Drawers. Nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn, thin cambric or jaconet are used for the underclothes of the small child. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2527—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt with side or back closing, a forward-turning plait at each side. Front seam and an inverted box-plait at centre-back. One of the best models for the separate skirt or serge, flannel or mohair, for every day wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1829—Ladies' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. An excellent model for the skirt for general knock-about wear, developed in tweed or cheviot. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1988—Misses' Low-Necked Shirtwaist, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. For any of the sports, such as tennis or golf, this waist is very suitable, and is adaptable to all materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with Three-quarter Length Sleeves. A very pretty little garment, which may be developed to advantage in plain or flowered challis, albatross, cashmere or volle or silk. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2441—Girls' Jumper Dress with Guimpe having Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Serge, mohair, cashmere or volle with a guimpe of linen, lawn or silk makes this a suitable model for school wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1532—Ladies' Shirtwaist or Slip with Front or Back Closing, High Neck or Low or Dutch Round Neck or Square Neck and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. This model may be made of all-over lace, satin or messaline, if made up as a waist, while any of the pretty colored silks, lining materials or lawn develop well for the slip. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2530—Ladies' Waist, closing at back, having Sloping Shoulders and Body and Sleeve Lining. This is an excellent design for the development of one or two materials, with the front of all-over lace, but it is equally adaptable to one material, trimmed with braid or fancy trimming. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2532—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with Link Cuffs and with or without Back Yoke Facing. A suitable tailor model for everyday wear, developed in heavy linen, madras or Indian-head cotton. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2151—Girls' Sailor Suit, consisting of a Blouse Slipped on over the head, with or without Yoke Facing and a One-Piece Plaited Skirt joined to an Underwaist having a Shield-Facing suitable for any colored serge or flannel, with shield of white duck or pique. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2529—Girls' Tucked Apron, with Front and Skirt Portion in one. A pretty little model for any of the sheer white goods. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2069—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Skirt, in ankle length with an inverted box-plait at center back sea and side, plaits below the hip at the other seams. This is a splendid model for the general knock-about skirt made up in any of the new autumn materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2197—Ladies' Circular Skirt, closed at left side of front and in sweep or round length. Without center-back seam suitable only for plain materials, or with seam desirable for all materials. A pretty and fashionable model for the dressy skirt for all formal occasions. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2518—Ladies' Combination Brassiere and Circular Open Drawers. Made up in nainsook, Persian lawn, batiste or jaconet this is a dainty little model which will be particularly appreciated by the woman who is beginning to grow stout. 7 sizes—34 to 46.

2531—Misses' One-Piece Corset Cover, with or without peplum, specially desirable for flouncings. A side form flouncing, nainsook, Persian lawn, thin cambric and jaconet may all be used for this simple and dainty design. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2226—Girls' Box-Coat in Seven-Eighths Length. Suitable for covert cloth, Venetian cloth or Broadcloth, as well as English tweed, cheviot or serge. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2265—Ladies' Waist, with high or low neck, long or elbow sleeves and body lining. A suitable model for mousseline, volle, silk, challis or cashmere. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2373—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt in Suspender Style. Though particularly suitable for heavy linen, Indian-head cotton or washable material, it makes up well in the simple wool materials. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2523—Misses Semi-Fitting Jacket, in three-quarter length, broadcloth, serge, Venetian cloth or covert cloth are all adaptable materials to this style of garment. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2167—Misses' Jumper Waist, with a Separate Yoke-Guimpe having Elbow sleeves, with or without the Ruffles. For a best dress there is no prettier pattern for the waist than this, and it is especially becoming to the undeveloped figure of the young girl. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2498—Ladies' Coat, in 27-inch Length, known as the "Clarice Vance." This model may be developed in broadcloth, Venetian cloth, serge, cheviot or tweed, and is suitable for a separate garment or part of an entire suit. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

EX-SENATOR VILAS DIES

Passes Away at His Home in Madison, Wis., After Long Illness.

Was Once Head of National Committee and Prominent in Democratic Politics.

Madison, Wis., Aug. 27.—Colonel William F. Vilas died at 10:45 o'clock this morning, followed five weeks of illness. When Dr. Philip Fox called upon the colonel this morning he found him unusually cheerful and bright and believed he showed signs of remarkable improvement.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, while the nurses were administering a bath to the patient, he weakened very quickly. An attempt was made to reach the doctor, but Colonel Vilas died before he could be reached.

Dr. Charles H. Vilas, of New York, who has been staying at the home, was not present at the death. Dr. Fox believes that the immediate cause of the death was a second stroke of paralysis.

Suffered Hemorrhage.

Colonel William F. Vilas suffered a cerebral hemorrhage early on the morning of July 20 at his home in Madison. His condition was so serious that E. P. L. Vilas, his brother, of Milwaukee, was summoned to the bedside and for two days the physicians were unable to offer any hope for recovery. On the third day Colonel Vilas' condition was slightly improved and there were two hopeful signs. First, there had been no spreading of the paralysis, and second, he manifested marked signs of intelligence. Although the periods of consciousness were slight, they gave the family and friends of the distinguished patient much hope. Since then his condition had remained practically unchanged until this morning.

Born in Vermont.

William Freeman Vilas, American lawyer and politician, was born at Chelsea, Vt., July 9, 1840. He went to Wisconsin in 1851 with his parents and was graduated from the university of Wisconsin in 1858 and from the Albany law school in 1860. He was admitted to the New York bar, but returned to Wisconsin, was admitted to the bar there and had just begun the practice of his profession when he joined the Federal army (1862.) He was promoted lieutenant colonel and commanded his regiment at the siege of Vicksburg. He resigned from the army in 1863 and returned to his law practice in Madison. In 1868 he was appointed professor in the law school of the University of Wisconsin, holding that position until 1885. In 1895 he became a regent of the university.

After the Civil war he was an active member of the Democratic party. From 1876 to 1886 he was the Wisconsin member of the Democratic national committee; in 1884 was permanent chairman of the national convention and in 1885 was elected to the Wisconsin legislature.

Postmaster General.

In the same year he was appointed postmaster general of the United States, and in 1888-9 was secretary of the interior.

His course as postmaster general was marked by an improvement in the foreign mails service, economy of management and the negotiation of postal treaties with Mexico and Canada.

In 1891 he was elected to the United States senate. In 1896, being opposed to the free silver movement, he was one of the organizers of the National or Gold Standard Democratic party, attended their convention at Indianapolis and was chairman of the committee on resolutions. He edited (with E. E. Bryant) the 1st, 2d, 4th and 6th to 20th volumes of the Wisconsin supreme court reports.

BITTER FIGHT FOR OHIO

Will Be Made by Democrats, Says Chairman Mack.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 26.—Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, passed through here last night en route to Washington, D. C., from Indianapolis, where he presided at the Kern notification ceremonies.

"The Kern notification meeting," said Mr. Mack, "was a remarkable demonstration and one indicative of the strong tide of Democratic feeling in this campaign. I am convinced that Indiana is going Democratic from the reports I received in Indianapolis."

Mr. Mack stated that the national committee expected to make a hard fight to carry Ohio this fall.

Mr. Mack telegraphed the national committeemen of West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland to meet him in Washington for a conference at which political conditions in West Virginia, Maryland and Delaware will be considered and a plan of campaign in those states outlined. At this conference the dates of Mr. Bryan's speaking trip through these states will be determined and announced.

Mr. Bryan will speak in only the principal centers in West Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, and will start this part of his campaign about the second week in September.

Mr. Mack will leave Washington immediately after the conference and will be in New York to open the eastern headquarters on Thursday. After his arrival in New York, Mr. Mack will confer with the leading New York Democrats on the selection of a chairman of the eastern department of the campaign.

FORMER U. S SENATOR DEAD

WILLIAM FREEMAN VILAS,
Former United States Senator and twice a Cabinet Member, who died to day at his home in Madison, Wis.

THE TWO BILLS DISCUSS PROPOSED BANK GUARANTY

Taft Thinks Plan Would Put Premium on Recklessness —The Depositors Should Be Made Secure, Says Bryan.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 27.—"It puts a premium on reckless banking and is an inducement to reckless banking."

Thus did Mr. Taft yesterday afternoon, in response to a direct question, state what is, in his opinion, the vital objection to the proposed plan to guaranty deposits in national banks.

"That is the fundamental objection," he said. "Relieved of the responsibility to and the fear of his depositors, the tendency would be to induce exploitation, manipulation, and the use of assets in a speculative way by a banker. It would promote speculation at the expense of his fellow bankers, and that ultimately means at the expense of the depositors. Any proposition as to the amount of tax that should be assessed, as based on the present rate of loss, is on an erroneous basis, as the danger of loss of deposits is increased vastly by the proposed system, so that the percentage of the tax would have to be vastly increased.

"Mr. Bryan did favor a guaranty, the government to raise the funds by taxing the banks, but the Democratic platform provides for an enforced insurance, which compels all national banks to contribute to the insurance funds to meet the defaults of the speculators. I am told that such a law was in force in New York, and that the result was that when a panic ensued, the tax having been improperly calculated, there were not sufficient funds to pay the loss, but this I have only on the authority of a well known writer on the subject."

There was some discussion here today of the position alleged to have been taken by Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, that the policies of a presidential candidate, so far as they are not contained in the party platform, are not binding on the party. Judge Taft declined to make the matter a controversial one.

NEGRO, 138, SHOWS WHERE HE HELD WASHINGTON'S HORSE

New York, Aug. 26.—In a sermon delivered at Zion Africa Methodist Episcopal church, in Somerville, N. J., the Rev. Mason Brooks, a negro clergyman, said that he is 138 years of age and that he remembers having held General George Washington's horse on the road between Somerville and Raritan.

He said he was born in Cuba in 1770, and was brought to Somerset, N. J., when a child. He was 10 years old when he held Washington's horse. He illustrated this part of his narrative by walking out along the road toward Raritan and locating the exact spot at which he said he had held the horse. The spot is near an old tree that has been a landmark time out of mind.

Brooks has preached for the last 70 years, and has spent five years in Egypt, where he did missionary worp. During the celebration of the Washington Camp Ground association at Bound Brook, on July 4 last, he walked up the mountain side unassisted.

He says he knows he is older than the celebrated Noah Raber, who died in the poorhouse in Middlesex county, N. J., a few years ago, at the supposed age of 120 years.

The church was crowded with negroes eager to hear the sermon. The preacher told them that his long life had tought him that the man who is good is also happy, and that he expects to live long enough to witness the salvation of many persons who have not yet come to his way of thinking.

LABOR VOTE TO BRYAN

Scheme Submitted to Democrats by Gompers Approved by Chairman Mack.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Union labor's equation in the Democratic national campaign and the plans that have been formulated by officers of the American Federation of Labor to swing the labor vote to William J. Bryan, were subject matters of a series of conferences last night between National Chairman Norman E. Mack and Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; Secretary Morrison, of the Federation, and President McConnell, of the Machinists' union.

Approved Plans.

Chairman Mack announced before his departure for New York at midnight that he had approved the plans devised by Mr. Gompers and his associates to aid in Mr. Bryan's election, and that within a few days he would announce the chairmen of the various labor bureaus which will be established in several of the larger cities and conducted under the general direction of the national committee and the American Federation of Labor.

"The Democratic national committee will receive the co-operation of the American Federation of Labor in every way," said Mr. Mack, "and Mr. Gompers submitted to them the plans which have been formulated to effect an active campaign in the labor world in the interest of Democracy. These plans I regard as highly satisfactory, and they will be adopted.

"The plans provide for the establishment of labor bureaus in several labor centers with a central labor bureau in Chicago at the Democratic headquarters. The national committee will appoint only members of the American Federation of Labor as heads of these bureaus, and Mr. Gompers has given me a list of names of those who would be regarded as acceptable to the federation.

"Plans for sending out labor literature were talked over and the national committee will furnish dates for labor speakers."

No Socialist Vote.

New York, Aug. 27.—John Spargo, the Socialist leader and author, has sent to William Jennings Bryan a long letter in which he answers the appeal made by the latter at Indianapolis for Socialist votes.

In his letter he says it was a bold bid for Socialist support which the Democratic presidential candidate made in his Indianapolis speech, and he calls it a pathetic and futile appeal.

"There is no place in the Democratic party," concludes the letter, "for men who are looking and hoping for better and juster social conditions."

TAFT TALKS TO VETERANS

Praises Patriotism of Soldiers Who Fought in Philippines.

Athens, O., Aug. 29.—William H. Taft, Republican candidate for president, accompanied by his wife and son Charlie, arrived here this morning en route to Toledo and Middle Bass island. While here Mr. Taft addressed a gathering of the veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars. He was enthusiastically received and his remarks warmly applauded.

Mr. Taft spoke in part as follows:

Taft's Speech.

"Mrs. Taft and I are glad to be able on our trip to Middle Bass island from Hot Springs to enjoy the hospitality of Athens, even for so short a period as three hours. Our stay is rendered doubly agreeable by the fact of this interesting soldiers' reunion.

"The interval since the civil war is rapidly approaching half a century. The report of the commissioner of pensions shows that of the pensioners of the civil war, nearly five thousand died in the month of July. If that rate is kept up every month it means that there are passing away from this world to another 50,000 men a year who bared their bosoms in defense of their country.

"It would seem that with this constant diminution in the ranks of those who in their memories still see the battles of the civil war as participants therein, the survivors should cherish with all the eagerness and efforts their association with their fellows in the crisis in the country's life.

"What I am specially glad to note in this reunion is that the veterans of the civil war welcome association with them of the veterans of the Spanish and Philippine wars. It is true that the Spanish war was a very short one, and that the dangers and losses of that war were very small in comparison with those of the civil war. Yet it involved the same love of country and the same spirit of patriotism on the part of those who entered the army for the purpose of fighting that war that led to the outpouring of the volunteers in the civil war.

"The same thing is true of the Philippine war. Many valuable lives were lost in those islands, but they were lost in an effort by this country to discharge its highest duty toward an unfortunate people that providence had thrust upon it. They were doing the country's work, they were discharging the duty owed by the fellow citizens to the world, and they are entitled equally with all the other soldiers of the republic who have fought to uphold the flag, to a place upon its roll of honor."

30 MINERS ENTOMBED

One of the Worst Mine Disasters in the History of the Southwest.

McAlester, Okla., Aug. 26.—One of the worst mine disasters in the history of this part of the southwest occurred at Haileyville, fifteen miles east of here, today when 30 miners were entombed in the Hailey-Oklahoma Coal Mine No. 1, the result of a fierce fire which, it is believed has shut off all means of escape.

The men are all in the lower part of the mine.

At noon a telephone message from the scene stated the fire was burning so fiercely that it was impossible for rescuers to enter the shaft, and it was then believed the entombed men must surely be burned to death. All of the miners are foreigners.

A barrel of oil caught fire and later exploded, spreading burning oil in all directions. The fire spread with such rapidity that the miners on the lower tiers were unable to reach the shaft, and all escape was cut off.

29 BODIES ARE RECOVERED

Rescuers Still at Work at Scene of Explosion.

McAleester, Okla., Aug. 27.—When rescuers today completed their work at the Hailey-Ola coal mine No. 1, at Haileyville, 14 miles east of here, where a disastrous explosion occurred yesterday, 29 bodies had been removed.

We Start You in the Jewelry Business Write me today. Let me explain how you can become an expert watch repairer in three months—making $25 to $35 a week—and own your own jewelry business. Don't leave home or quit your work. Pay me nothing for my instruction or advice. Send me no money. Get ahead. Write right now.
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MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

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AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-31 W. Adams St., Chicago

Would You Marry If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. D.G. Gunnels, Toledo, O.

BED WETTING Cured. 25c Pkg. FREE. C. H. HOWARD, Dept. 48, London, Can.

AGENTS: $75 Monthly. Combination Rolling Pin, Nine Articles Combined. Lightning seller. Sample Free. Forshee Mfg. Co., E 280, Dayton O.

$10 Makes $150 IN 60 DAYS A wonderful chance for a little money to make you a competency with absolute safety, without any work on your part. A positive guarantee given in our business. The best of Bank References. Address, M. J. GANNON, TREASURER, BLOCK 1521 FARMERS' BANK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA.

TEN Beautiful New York Post Cards, Five Cents. T. EDDY, 535 W. 46th St., New York.

SEND TEN CENTS for three sets No-Tie Knot Shoe Lacers. No more bother with Shoe Strings. Look neat. Big money for agents, either sex. NO-TIE-KNOT CO., Lebonon, Pa.

BOYS AND GIRLS AT SCHOOL wanted to raise clubs for map of N. America, 10c; Date Finder, 5c; Historic Photos, 10c each; Lincoln's Cabin, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Battlefields, etc. J. SILER, 1006 S. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Washington-Byrne combination picture. Big profit. Sells rapidly. Sent 10 cents for sample. Wickiser-McClure Co., 1209 Carton Bldg., Chicago.

BUTTER IN THREE MINUTES WITH IDEAL CHURN. Nothing like it ever invented. Live agents wanted. Those with farm experience preferred. Eastman Mfg. Co., 124 Opera Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

INDIANA FARM FOR SALE—120 acres 2½ miles from county seat; 15 acres timber, 5 acres in fruit of all kinds adapted to this climate; 40 acres of good onion or celery land, remainder in good cultivation; large barn, 6-rm. house, all new. For full particulars write to JACKSON RITTER, Albion, Indiana.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 770 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

CANCER I send the most astonishing, absolutely true testimonials ever written, proving the wonderful CANCER cures I have made without operations, danger, pain or plasters. I give the positive names of cured, living patients. Write today for free and startling proofs direct from people cured. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 1234 Rudel Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Grow Mushrooms For Big and Quick Profits. I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free. JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, Dept. 867, 3245 N. Western Ave., Chicago

Texas School Lands $1.00 to $5.00 Per Acre
Texas has passed new School Land Laws. Millions of acres are now to be sold by the State at $1.00 to $5.00 per acre; only one-fortieth cash and no more to pay for 40 years, unless you desire; only 3 per cent interest. You can buy 160 acres at 50 per acre, payable $8.00 down and 40 years' time on the balance, 3% interest. Greatest opportunity ever offered to investors and farmers. Texas land is better than Oklahoma, Iowa or Illinois. Send 60 cents for Book of Instructions, New State Law, Map of Texas, and brief description of over 400 million acres of vacant public lands in 25 different States, which are open to homestead 3 Books for 60 cents.
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I OFFER YOU A POSITIVE CURE. Send no money. Simply tell me just what ails you. That is all. I will then prepare and send you by mail, in plain package, prepaid, my SPECIAL REMEDIES. Take them one month at my risk. After you are satisfied with the results, not before, pay me $5. Otherwise, the loss is mine. And I leave the decision to you. My offer should convince you that I know how to cure. I believe in man's honesty—his gratitude. I know my Treatment will cure Nervous Weakness and Lost Vitality, that it will quickly and permanently restore you to perfect vigor. My only problem is to convince you. And so I make my offer. Take my treatment at my risk. Use it and pay if satisfied. Write me today, now, and get well. Address G. E. ROBERTS, M. D., 2 Roberts Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

ATTEMPT TO BLACKMAIL PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Bordeaux, Aug. 28.—An extraordinary story was told at the court-martial yesterday of a member of the military ambulance corps, Camille Marquet, who was charged with attempting to blackmail President Roosevelt.

According to the evidence before the court, Marquet wrote to the President on January 9, demanding, on behalf of "my society," without other specification, $2,000 "on account of services rendered during the presidential election," and promising further "immense help."

Receiving no reply to this demand, Marquet wrote again on March 9, threatening a scandal "which will cast dishonor upon the whole family unless the money is forthcoming at a fixed date."

In conclusion the writer recommended the greatest discretion, adding: "The highest heads are no longer safe on their shoulders; look at Portugal."

The President handed the letter to the French consul general, who communicated with the French police. Marquet was brought up for court-martial, but the court, in consideration of the good character of the youth, sentenced him to six days' imprisonment, giving him the benefit of the first offender's law.

PENSION INCREASE SHOWN AND SAVING OF $1,343,666

Washington, Aug. 26.—An increase of 871,089 pensions issued with a saving of $1,343,666 out of the reduced appropriations for the maintenance of the bureau during 1905-1908 covering Commissioner of Pensions Warner's administration as against the period of 1901-04, is announced in a compilation of figures given out at the interior department today. The figures are taken from Commissioner Warner's report, which will be issued shortly:

The statement follows:

"From 1901 to 1904 inclusive there were issued 516,251 certificates of pension. From 1905 to 1908 inclusive there were issued, not including 202,577 increases under the act of April 19, 1908, made by directions to pension agents, 887,340. This makes an increase of 371,089.

"From 1901 to 1904 inclusive there was paid as pensions $554,888,977, and from 1905 to 1908 inclusive $571,391,648, an increase of $16,502,671.

"The operating expense of the bureau from 1901 to 1904 inclusive were $15,281,748, and from 1905 to 1908 inclusive $13,077,162, a decrease of $2,204,586.

"While the appropriations for the maintenance of the bureau have been reduced each year since 1904, there have been saved and covered into the treasury as unexpended of such appropriations since that year, $1,343,664."

8 KILLED; BUILDER HELD

Eleven of Those Injured Are in Serious Condition.

Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 26.—Three of the men injured by the collapse of a brick wall in Chelsea square yesterday afternoon died last night, bringing the number of dead up to eight. Of the twenty injured, eleven are in a serious condition.

M. Gordon, of the firm of Gordon & Segal, the contractor who had the work in hand, was arrested on a warrant charging manslaughter.

Five minutes before the collapse of the wall, it is said, Inspector of Buildings Frank Weymouth had ordered the foreman of the gang to stop work, as he saw the wall was crumbling.

NOTED CLERGYMAN IS DEAD

Rev. Donald Sage Mackay Dies at Portland Me.

Portland, Me., Aug. 28.—Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D. D., LL. D., of New York, president of the general synod of the Reformed church in American, and one of the best known divines in the country, died suddenly in the Union station here yesterday while on his way to his summer home at Blue Hill. He had been in ill health for more than a year. Rev. Dr. Mackay was pastor of the Collegiate church of St. Nicholas, New York, the edifice which President Roosevelt attends when in that city. Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage are members of the parish. At the time death occurred, Rev. Dr. Mackay was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Helen L. Smith, daughter of former Governor J. Gregory Smith, of St. Albans, Vt., and his associate pastor, Rev. A. Hageman.

LARGE PLUM FOR ELLIS

Taft Will Make Him Assistant Attorney General.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 26.—While the announcement cannot be definitely made, Mr. Taft has given it as his belief that Wade H. Ellis, attorney general of Ohio, will accept the position of assistant to the attorney general to succeed Milton D. Purdy, who has been promoted to a federal judgeship in Minnesota.

This opinion was expressed after a conference between Mr. Ellis and Mr. Taft here yesterday. Mr. Ellis preferred not to make a statement. He came home after a conference with Attorney General Bonaparte and said he had recovered his health. He was offered the position shortly after the Chicago convention, and it was stated at the time that his decision in the matter would rest largely on the condition of his health.

CONVICT LEASES DOOMED

Georgia Governor Urges Prison Labor on the Railroads.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 26.—An extra session of the general assembly of Georgia convened yesterday to consider the convict question. The day was taken up with the reading of the report of the investigating committee, which has been probing this subject, the proclamation and special message of Governor Smith and the report of the auditors who have examined the books and accounts of the penitentiary system. Governor Smith urges that the state convicts be employed as far as possible upon the public highways and in extending the Western & Atlantic railroad, owned by the state, to the sea coast. Several measure were introduced providing for the termination of the lease system at an early date and the employment of convicts upon the state's highways.

SAGE MADE BIG LOANS

Shown in Appraiser's Report Widow Gets $63,778,800.

New York, Aug. 29.—The report of the appraisal of the estate of the late Russell Sage, as approved by Surrogate Beckett includes loans in great sums to many of the most prominent firms in Wall street. All of these loans have been collected in cash since Mr. Sage's death.

Mrs. Sage's share of the estate was appraised at $63,778,800, while to the twenty-nine collateral relatives went $650,000. The transfer tax on the entire estate was $667,538.

When Russell Sage died Wall street owed him more than $21,000,000, which has since been repaid.

HERALDS RETURN OF PROSPERITY'S REIGN.

Sault St. Marie, Mich., Aug. 28.—It is announced that the steel mills in the Canadian Soo will be reopened on September 1 with enough work in sight to keep the force of 1,500 men at work for many months. Big orders have been received from the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Muskegon, Mich., Aug. 28.—The Standard Malleable Iron Works of Muskegon Heights gave notice to the 700 employes that beginning next week the factory will be operated ten hours a day and six days a week. The concern has been operating five days on an eight-hour schedule.

INVOKES UNWRITTEN LAW

New Jerseyan Shoots Another on the Street; Surrenders.

Bordentown, N. J., Aug. 28.—Edward Ford, a boss carpenter for the Pennsylvania railroad, was shot and killed on the street by Joseph Hoover, a friend and neighbor. Hoover stopped Ford and, accusing him of being too friendly with Mrs. Hoover, demanded that he fight. Ford threatened to have Hoover arrested, whereupon the latter drew a revolver and shot Ford twice. Hoover made no attempt to escape and was taken to Mount Holly pending a hearing.

KERMIT STOPS RUNAWAYS

President's Son Probably Saves Lives of Two.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 28.—It is stated here that Kermit Roosevelt, second son of the president, stopped a runaway pair of horses yesterday afternoon after a wild chase on horseback along the shore road into Bayville, and probably saved the lives of Mrs. Frank Hilton, of New York, and her two small sons.

WITH HIS AFFINITY AGAIN

Earle Released on Bond and Joined by Wife.

Monroe, N. Y., Aug. 28.—Artist Ferdinand P. Earle and his wife are again united. Earle was released on $1,000 bail from Goshen jail yesterday, where he had been on the charge of beating his wife, whom he formerly described as his affinity.

Earle managed to elude the pursuit of reporters last night after his release, and came here. His wife, whom he was chaged with having beaten and choked while she was still weak after the birth of their child, returned from New York today, and seemed glad to get back. In her arms she carried the baby, now three weeks' old.

Lawyers on both sides intimate that the charge against the artist will be dropped. Earle is said to have been noticeably subdued by his jail experience.

WOMEN SAID TO ROB

Pittsburg Police Hold Mrs. Ruth Nell and Search Her Home.

Pittsburg, Aug. 29.—Mrs. Ruth Nell, of Sewickley, a suburb, is held on charges of larceny. In her home the authorities say, they recovered much valuable plunder and a great number of pawn tickets for jewelry and silverware. Many letters indicate she once operated a matrimonial bureau. Another letter indicated that Mrs. Nell had been arrested at Harrisburg, Pa., and that while out on bail had left the town.

It is alleged she conducted extensive operations throughout the east and several accomplices are expected to be arrested.

Many robberies have been committed recently in the fashionable Sewickley district. Yesterday two officers met Mrs. Nell walking along the street carrying a package under a cloak. Asked what the package contained she answered that it was laundry. The officers investigated and found a valuable jardiniere.

NOT BOOSTING REVOLUTION

Expelled Hollander Denies the Story of Trouble-Making.

The Hague, Aug. 26.—M. De Reus, minister of the Netherlands to Venezeula, who was expelled from that republic last month by President Castro, had a long conference this morning regarding Venezuelan affairs with M. Van Swinderen, minister of foreign affairs. In a subsequent interview he characterized as untrue the assertion that Holland,, with the support of the United States, has lent her countenance to revolutionary schemes in Venezuela.

The relations between Holland and Venezuela, De Reus said, were already strained before the indiscreet publication of a confidential letter he wrote to the Hou 'En Trouw society in Amsterdam.

NIGHT NURSE
Kept in Perfect Trim by Right Food.

Nursing the sick is often very burdensome to the nurse.

Night nursing is liable to be even more exhausting from the fact that the demands of the system for sleep are more urgent during the night hours.

A Va. lady, called on to act as night nurse in the family, found the greatest support from the use of Grape-Nuts food. She says:

"Our acquaintance with Grape-Nuts began eight years ago. We bought the first package sold in this place, and although we began as skeptics we became converts to its striking food value.

"I used Grape-Nuts first, to sustain me when doing night nursing for a member of the family. I ate a teaspoonful at a time, and by slowly chewing it, I was able to keep awake and felt no fatigue.

"Soon I grew to like Grape-Nuts very much and after our patient recovered I was surprised to find that I was not at all 'worn out' on account of broken rest. My nerves were strong and steady and my digestion fine. This was the more surprising because I had always suffered with weak nerves and indigestion. My experience was so satisfactory that other members of the family took up Grape-Nuts with like results." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CUBANS TO ELECT NOV. 14

Inauguration of President Will Take Place Jan. 29.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 26.—That the presidential and congressional elections in Cuba will be held November 14, and that the inauguration of the newly elected president will take place January 28, 1909, is the announcement made by Charles E. Magoon, governor, following a conference with President Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill.

MAY POSTPONE EXPOSITION

Not Enough Money for Big Tokio Fair.

Tokio, Aug. 26.—The postponement of the Tokio International Exposition, which is now scheduled for 1912, is being agitated in government circles here, and seriously discussed on the ground that the appropriation set aside for this purpose is inadequate, and that the time intervening is insufficient for the full amount to be raised.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS
Just Your Address Brings $1's Worth.
If you are in earnest about getting cured of your Kidney, Bladder or Uric Acid Disease, send your address to The Dr. D. A. Williams Co., 820 P. O. Block, East Hampton, Conn. By return mail they will send you prepaid a full dollar's worth of The Williams Treatment. Use it all. If entirely satisfied, send them $1. If not satisfied, keep your money. You decide. They take your word. Guaranteed harmless.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

May this day be one of peace to us, and through us may some troubled heart find peace.

MONDAY.

Let thy day be to thy night a letter of good tidings.

TUESDAY.

The road of Right has neither turn nor bend,
It stretches straight unto the highest goal;
Hard, long and lonely? Yea, yet never soul
Can lose its way thereon, nor miss the end.

WEDNESDAY.

Let our hands be busy at some good part of the world's work, for we know that idleness never went hand in hand with joy.

THURSDAY.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

FRIDAY.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

SATURDAY.

Who will remember that the skies are gray
If he carries a happy heart all day?

THE HEART TO ADMIRE ANOTHER'S DOING

To be jealous is to acknowledge one's own inferiority. The jealousy that springs from the selfish loves of men and women, is a species of insanity for which there seems to be no cure. This, too, is a confession of inferiority and an unconscious admission that one is lacking in some quality which is so attractive in another.

Self-respect and self-control should make short work of jealousy such as this, but these are gone and forgotten in the madness that arises when our possession of one we hold dear is threatened. However, this phase of jealousy serves merely as a passing comment, and, "with these few remarks," is dismissed without further discussion.

There is another form of jealousy which enters the hearts of men and women to their own undoing. In reality it is not so difficult to banish, if we can but understand that we are self-made victims of its torment. This is the jealousy of the success others may be winning in the various fields of endeavor. Those who stand in the limelight of publicity, are constantly subjected to jealousy's venom, but they, least of all, are susceptible to its poison. Absorbed in their work, they have neither time nor thought to give to the petty attacks which may assail them.

Many are they who, because they are not what they wish to be, waste time, strength and ability in jealousy of those by whom they believe they are outdistanced. None ever knows what he can do, until he has tried unceasingly, with courage unfaltering, and determination to succeed unfailing. If we put all our strength in what we are doing, instead of wasting force in jealousy of what others are accomplishing, we are far more likely to be with the runners and reach the goal for which we are aiming.

The life that is filled with jealousy and discontent, is the life that is useless. There is always something near at hand to do if one has eyes to see it, and the will to do it. The small things are often the ones that lead to those of magnitude and importance. Though the way may be long and we may be passed by the faster travelers, the rough places will be made smoother, and the labor lighter, if, while we work, we have heart to admire what others are doing.

The one who sits by the wayside and speaks slightingly of those carrying the banner of success, will never march with the victorious battalion.

It was Goethe who wrote:

"What each day tells thee, that make thy task;
With pride thine own performance viewing,
With heart to admire another's doing."

This last line embodies one of life's great achievements. To suffer disappointment and dissatisfaction; to be one of those who keep to the dull path of duty while longing to be and to do something different, and yet to have heart to admire "another's doing," these are not the least of those who form life's panorama.

We are all like little children in a darkened room looking for the light With each battle fought and won against self, the light grows brighter and brighter, until some day, some time, we find the glory of the sun.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: **To aid,** comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

MAGNIFY YOUR BLESSINGS.

Since reading the editor's very encouraging words regarding the great extent of the Cozy Corner, as well as the comfort and benefits arising from these heart beats of the readers and writers, I am emboldened to drop a thought or two into the corner, hoping it may do at least a little, or, perchance a great deal of good. The Cozy Corner is generally good medicine for troubled minds, of which there are many, and I wish to administer a few drops of what I regard as a great elixir. I will name it a cheerful habit.

A beautiful story is told of a little girl who started to count the stars. She counted until she had reached a hundred. She counted on and on, but at last grew discouraged and exclaimed; "Oh, I had no idea there were so many stars!"

What a beautiful illustration is this for those who will count their blessings. Those who truly and faithfully count them; those who will find as the little girl, that they had no idea there were so many blessings. Try it.

We hear so much of the "ups and downs" of life. If we would only contemplate the "ups" and forget the "down" we would find there are more "ups" than we thought. The dark cloud has not only a silver lining, for behind it is the constant sunshine that furnishes the silver. There are dark nights but there are bright days. Among the weeds, wild flowers grow, and even the weed has a flower. No crop of grain is so blasted but some good grain is there. No fruit so gnarled and wormy but affords some sweetness.

The best things of life are often unseen, or at least unappreciated or unnoticed. The costliest and most beautiful gems are found in the caves of oceans. Pearls are hidden in an ugly mussel in slimy river beds. Again, the most worthless vegetation —mosses and lichens—are really the most beautiful and are perpetual and enduring.

This is so with many of the blessings of life. There is a likeness in the natural world to the spiritual, or vice versa. As in the dark, turbulent ocean is hidden the brightest gems, so in life the brightest gems of character are found, not on the mountain tops, or the plains of a placid or serene existence, but in the wave-tossed sea of trouble.

Another truth is that evil attracts more attention than ordinary good. One snake will attract more attention than perhaps fifty singing birds. A cloudy day is more commented on than a sunshiny one, and yet, there are more of the latter. One sinful act in a person's life, often covers a multitude of virtues, and receives more attention than twenty virtuous deeds.

Let us count our blessings. Not only that, but let us magnify them. Apply the magnifying glass of cheerfulness, hope, optimism. We improve a picture by enlarging it, let us enlarge—I do not say distort—our blessings. Try it. Cultivate the habit and you will wonder at the number of your blessings, and find yourself, some day, unable to count them.—Optimist.

WANTS TO JOIN US.

I should like to join the Cozy Corner. I agree with Mrs. W. B. North about the washing and ironing. I come from Illinois in the past spring to Texas, where I am now. I have two little boys who are a great deal of company for me. Their names are Clifford and Lloyd. My husband and I have just returned from viewing the rice fields. I like to read the Household page very much, and think it is of value to the young housekeepers in teaching them how to train their children in the right way.

I am glad that Happy Wife has a good husband. I think we should all be glad if we have kind and loving husbands. Mine helps to take care of the children when he is around the house. I will sign myself as—A Reader of The Blade.

A NEW MEMBER.

I have been longing to join this corner for quite a while; now I shall ask to be admitted into the circle. I am a young housekeeper, only 27 years old, and have the best husband living —he is so tender and kind to me. He is a printer by trade, but we are living on a farm with my father, mother and little niece at present. I am the youngest of seven children. My husband and I are taking care of my parents. I think it is our duty to see to their wants in their old age.

We have been married two and a half years, and have been blessed with two darling baby boys, but God took them home to Him. We only kept our first one four short days, and our last one (little Marvin Dale), was spared us six and a half months; then on Thursday, May 21, 1908, at midnight, he went home. He was such a bright, sweet baby and the idol of our home. We miss him so much, and we see so many things to remind us of him—his clothes, little chair and playthings.

You mothers who have never had to give up your darlings cannot fully sympathize with us who have had the hard trial. It seems if we could have only kept one to brighten our home and pathway, the sweets of existence would have been greater, but God knows best, and by the help of Him we shall try to live as we should to meet our dear babes.

Trusting this may be of some interest to the mothers and friends of this Corner, I will close. I will sign my husband's pet name for me.—Sweethearty.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

This week Toledo is honored with the Grand Army encampment. The red, white and blue is waving, flags are flying, martial music is sounding, the streets are filled with soldiers and civilians, and The Blade is having many visitors. I wish you might all be here to enjoy the great occasion.

L. M. Milmer—Thank you for the autumn leaves. They are the first I have seen. In Toledo it is seldom we have leaves of such brilliant coloring. I'm thinking you must have had a touch of frost up your way.

Letters recently received are from Charlies, Wife, Industrial Girl, Dora R. Holt, Hoxie, and Mrs. J. De Clerq.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please!"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stone had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease
And softly whispered, "Maybe!"

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiney-Eyes," she said.
"Yes, but your last?" she shook her head.
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you??
Dest Shiney-Eyes." A bright thought came;
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then the says," (the culprit owns),
"Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What have you been a-doing?"

I like to read the children's letters. I thought I would like to write. School will soon begin and then, maybe, we will not have so much time to spare.

Last fall when school began I could not go because I had typhoid fever. Mamma and the doctor took good care of me until I got well. I have three brothers and a pet goose. I like to pick berries and play on the organ. Sometimes I play for Sunday school. I have about 20 Rhode Island chickens. They were hatched in the incubator. We are going to have a new barn built and I will help cook and wash dishes. I am 12 years old. We live about a mile from the Ohio river. I like to watch for the mail carrier and see if he brings The Blade or any pretty post cards.

Greetings to all The Blade girls and boys.—Minnie Blackburn.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm in Virginia. I have been hauling hay shocks for my papa. When I am at the house I take care of the baby and help mamma cook. I have one brother, aged seven. His name is Walter, and two little sisters, Nora and Madolene. We have only lived on the farm three years. I like town best. I enjoy reading The Blade, especially the children's letters. My uncle lives with us and takes The Blade. Mamma says she could not keep house without it. —Hilda Farnsworth.

I am a big girl thirteen years old. My name is Mary. I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Young. My sister Emma is six years old. I have five brothers and two sisters and one cat and three dogs and three pigs. I live in Chignik, Alaska.—Mary Brandal.

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have two little sisters. I had a brother and a sister drowned. My brother's name was Fred and my oldest sister's name was Josie. My sister's name is Mary, and my other sister's name is Hattie. I like to go to school.

My sister Mary is four years old and Hattie is 18 months old now. There are twenty-five girls and boys in school. I go to a school a mile and a half away. I am in the third copy book. I have a language book and an arithmetic and a spelling book and a geography. I live in Chignik, Alaska. My name is Jessie George.

Mr. Editor:—My ma takes The Blade and I like to hear it read. I went to school three days and I have been so bad with whooping cough I have not gone any more. I have seven cats, one dog, a wagon, a plow, a rake, a harrow and a hatchet. I am six years old. I live at the foot of Fodder Stack mountain, two miles off of Chimney Top mountain. Yours —Ira Burgess.

MARVELS OF THE ARIZONA DESERT

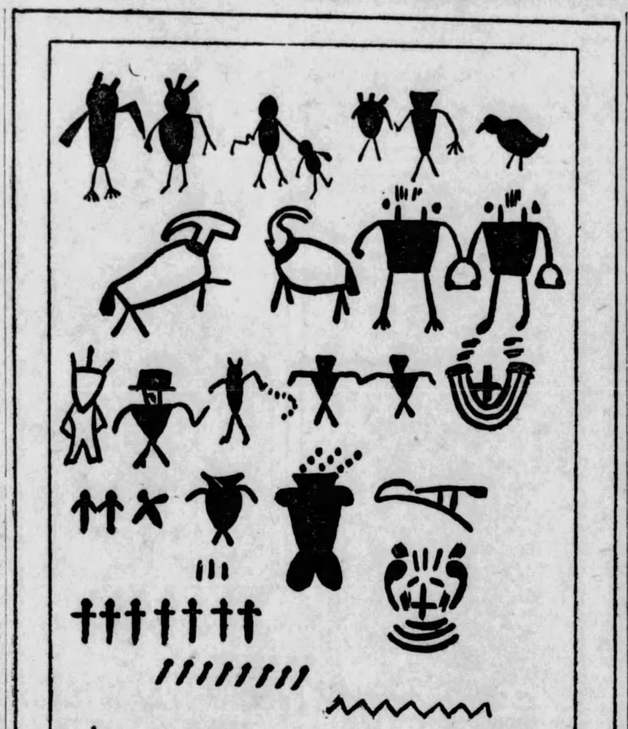
There is no frontier today in the sense that our fathers understood the term, and the picturesque frontiersman of a generation ago has gone with the buffalo on the "Long Trail." One of the old guard, however, still remains, Buffalo Jones, a strange character, whose name is in many homes a household word.

Under the title The Last of the Plainsmen, Dr. Zane Grey has written a book relating the events attending an extended trip with the old hunter recently, through the Arizona desert. The volume is partly a study of the unique personality of the preserver of the American bison, as Buffalo Jones is called, and partly a record of some episodes in his early life.

The interest of the story of the old plainsman is increased by many fine descriptions of nature's wonders in the Grand Canon of the Arizona, one of which is the following picture of "Snake Gulch," and some of its marvels. Dr. Grey writes:

The rock of Snake Gulch was bright red, with parapet of yellow, that leaned, heaved, bulged outward. These emblazoned cliff walls, two thousand feet high, were cracked from turret to base; they bowled out at such an angle that we were afraid to ride under them. Mountains of yellow rock hung balanced, ready to tumble down at the first angry breath of the gods. We rode among carved stones, pillars, obelisks and sculptured ruined walls of a fallen Babylon. Slides reaching all the way across and far up the canon wall obstructed our passage. On every stone silent green lizards sunned themselves, gliding swiftly as we came near to their marble homes.

We came into a region of wind-worn caves of all sizes and shapes, high and low on the cliffs; but strange to say, only on the north side of the canon they appeared with dark mouths open and uninviting. One, vast and deep, though far off, menaced us as might the cave of a tawny maned king of beasts; yet it impelled, fascinated and drew us on. So steep lay the jumble of cliff fragments that we lost sight of the cave long before we got near it. Suddenly we rounded a stone to halt and gasp at the thing looming up before us. The dark portal of death might have yawned there. A gloomy hole, large enough to admit a church, had been hollowed in



"SYMBOLS RECORDING THE HISTORY OF A BYGONE PEOPLE."

the cliff by ages of nature's chiseling. The floor of the cave ascended from the very threshold. Stony ridges circled from wall to wall. We climbed till we were two hundred feet from the opening, yet we were not half way to the dome. Our horses, browsing in the sage far below, looked like ants. So steep did the ascent become that we desisted, for if one of us had slipped on the smooth incline, the result would have been terrible. Our voices rang clear and hollow from the walls. We were so high that the sky was blotted out by the overhanging square, cornice-like top of the door, and the light was weird, dim, shadowy, opaque.

"Waa-hoo!" yelled Jones, with all the power of his wide, leather lungs.

Mocking, deep echoes bellowed from the ebony shades at the back of the cave, and the walls, taking them up, hurled them on again in fiendish concatenation.

Still, a more interesting and important discovery was to come, and the pleasure and honor of it fell to me. My eyes were sharp and peculiarly far-sighted—the Indian sight, Jones assured me; and I kept them searching the walls in such places as my companion overlooked. Presently, under a large bulging bluff I saw a dark spot ,which took the shape of a figure. This figure, I recollected, had been presented to my sight more than once, and now it stopped me. The hard climb up the slippery stones was fatiguing, but I did not hesitate, for I was determined to know. The figure I had seen was a dark, red devil, a painted image, rude, unspeakably wild, crudely executed, but painted by the hand of man. The whole surface of the cliff wall bore figures of all shapes—men, animals, birds and strange devices, some in red paint, mostly in yellow. Some showed the wear of time; others were clear and sharp.

The meaning of some devices was as mythical as that of others was clear. Two blood-red figures of men, the larger dragging the smaller by the hair, while he waved aloft a blood-red hatchet or club, left little to conjecture. Here was the old battle of men, as old as life. Another group, two figures of which resembled the foregoing in form and action, battling over a prostrate form rudely feminine in outline, attested to an age when men were as susceptible as they are in modern times, but more forceful and original. An odd yellow Indian waved aloft a red hand, which striking picture suggested the idea that he was an ancient Macbeth, listening to the knocking at the gate.

There was a character representing a great chief, before whom many figures lay prostrate, evidently slain or subjugated. Large red paintings in the shape of bats occupied prominent positions, and must have represented gods or devils. Armies of marching men told of that blight of nations, old or young—war. These, and birds unnamable, and beasts unclassable, with dots and marks and hieroglyphics, recorded the history of a bygone people. Symbols they were of an era that had gone into the dim past, leaving only these marks, forever unintelligible; yet, while they stood, century after century, ineffaceable reminders of the glory, the mystery, the sadness of life. —Published by The Outing Publishing Co., New York.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we have the pleasure of beginning the column with a descriptive letter from Bonnie Burnie, which we are very glad to have.—Miss Prudence.

Having promised to write a short description of the Indian school as I have found it, I will try to do so; but, first, I wish to say, if there are any M. G. R.'s employed in the Indian service I hope they will also write to the column.

We left Michigan in the past winter to accept a government position in the beautiful state of Oklahoma. We arrived at the school just as the bugles were sounding for dinner. It was all new to us, but one soon gets accustomed to their surroundings. This school is a large one, there being enrolled during the past year nearly 800 students. The reservation on which the school is located contains more than 9,000 acres of fine land. This gives ample opportunity for the Indian boys to learn all about farming, gardening and fruit growing by the latest and best methods under able instructors in these lines. All kinds of crops, fruit and vegetables are grown on this farm, the work of caring for them being done by the Indian boys. Different trades are taught also, such as blacksmithing, carpentry, shoe and harness making, wagon making and stone and brick laying.

The girls are thoroughly trained in the domestic sciences, such as dressmaking, housekeeping, laundering, cooking and nursing. These are taught in addition to the regular school work, thus fitting the Indian boys and girls for useful lives after school days are over. The children are all very courteous and kind.

In letters from northern and eastern friends I am sometimes obliged to read this sentence: "I should think you would prefer teaching white children." In reply to this I say emphatically, "I do not." It is wonderful what progress these children are making. They are already in the race with white children, notwithstanding the environments, home life and early teaching they have had. Many of them have wonderful talent for music, drawing, painting and the fine arts, and, pardon me for saying it, but they can teach our children today lessons in true politeness.

As this is a non-reservation school there are somewhere nearly forty tribes represented here. The school buildings are of white stone and, with their shining red roofs, are very pretty. We are near a good town and on a railroad, two important features, as some of these schools are many miles from a railroad. Cherokee Girl, I wish I knew your address. N. E. Girl, "accidentally" spill the tea again.—Bonnie Burnie.

Not seeing very many letters from the Michigan girls, I thought I would venture in this morning. I take much pleasure in reading the M. G. R. letters, also in the Poets' Corner and the Cozy Corner, and I find many helpful recipes.

My mother died eight years ago, and I still miss her very much. I have five brothers and one sister. My sister and one brother are married. I took a great deal of interest in the letters from Illinois Girl and May Belle. I am a lover of music and books.—Gray-Eyed May.

Just having returned from a hunting and fishing expedition, and feeling particularly bold, I am going to write to the circle, as I should like very much to become a member. I have always perused the M. G. R. column with the greatest of interest.

I should like to know how many agree with me as to the use of tobacco. I consider it only for the lowest of mankind. I think the M. G. R. motto is very beautiful, but I think, too, that no one who uses tobacco can hope for mental, moral or social improvement. Mentally, it weakens the brain and none can improve so rapidly as they might if they did not use it.

Morally no man can hope for high morals when a slave to such a habit. Socially it is utterly out of the question, for what can be more disagreeable to ladies than a man with the odor of tobacco about him? I say no gentleman will use it.

Buckeye, in my estimation, you are all right, for I also prefer the solitude of the woods and books or art, to human society. I have found most people to be deceitful and false, while books are always the truest of friends.

Florida Old Man, I envy you your trip to the Orient, and shall be greatly interested in the letters you have promised, so please do not make them too brief.—Raoul de Coubert.

Now, Monsieur Raoul de Coubert, your attitude toward human society is all wrong. If you believe in people, they will believe in you, and you will find them, more often than not, kind and true. Hold out the "glad hand" and don't be a "grouch."—Miss Prudence.

I enjoy reading The Blade, and am very much interested in all the members of the circle, especially the teachers. I, too, am a teacher. I am teaching my second term and enjoy it ever so much.

Yes, Seventeen-Year-Old School Ma'am, we certainly have a great influence over children, and we can influence them more, if we but keep our good temper. Have you read the little poem entitled, When the Teacher Gets Cross? It expresses the influence that a good-tempered teacher has over her pupils as well as anything relating to teaching that I have read.

My home is in the eastern part of Ohio, in Belmont county. The land is hilly, but the hills are not very high, and all the cleared land can be cultivated. My father is a farmer, and I enjoy farm life very much. I am an only child, but I never get lonely. I have all the school and farm work I can do.—Danna.

For some time I have been reading the M. G. R. letters and am interested in them. I live in a small town in the southern part of the Hoosier state. Nine months of the year I drive six miles to school, and I take music lessons the whole year. I have one sister younger than I am. We live in a large house and are very comfortably situated.

I liked the letters from Cherokee Girl and English Lad very much, and hope they will write again soon.—Gladys from the Hoosier State.

Although living many hundreds of miles away from the "dear old Blade" I was born and lived most of my life within an hour's ride of Toledo. How familiar the name sounds. I shall always love my home state. The memory of the years spent there is very precious. Some of the dear ones have recently gone to live with Jesus. Many and oft come the sorrows into my life, but the dear Father gently leads me over the hard places. "Yours of far away," I wonder if we are neighbors, as I, too, live where the trees do not leaf out until June. I am so sorry you are lonely.

Mary V., your faith is beautiful and ought to be a lesson to all of us.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

English Lad: You and I are near neighbors.—Faith.

We live about fifty miles west of Wichita, Kansas. This is a great corn and wheat country. I am interested in the Ozark members, as I came from that country. I lived in West Plains. I wonder if any of the M. G. R.'s live near here. I am a lover of good books and think the Bible is the best of all. I will give a brief description of myself. I am 24 years old, am six feet tall, weigh about 140 pounds and have brown eyes and dark hair. I will sign the name my uncle gave me.—Slim.

All my life I have loved to build air-castles. And today, while resting from my usual Saturday's work, I took up the dear old Blade, and after reading the letters in the Household I thought wouldn't it be nice if we could see the faces of the writers." I seemed to think I could see them as they described themselves and their homes, so dear they are to me. One reason I suppose is I had read The Blade some thirty years ago in my father's home, and now as I am a subscriber myself, it brings me back to my childhood days.

The Household pages have been a great benefit and help to me.

I see someone signs herself Ruth, but then I don't object, for I always admired something someone else liked. I chose Ruth because I saw someone signed herself Naomi, and I thought she would like to have a sister. So to obey rules and come once a year I return for the second time, and would like to ask, are there any M. G. R.'s in St. Louis?—The home of Ruth.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good morning, or good evening, whichever it may be when you are reading the M. G. R. column. I hope you are all well and happy.—Miss Prudence.

This week we are pleased to acknowledge letters from Anna Skelton, Goldenrod, Larlyn Leath, Bonnie Doon, Lone Wanderer, Nature's Sweetheart, Frank B. G., Topsy from Iowa and Blue-Eyed Cleopatra.

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THE POETS' CORNER

JUST BEFORE THE LAST GREAT CHARGE

From Memoirs of the Civil War. By Abel C. Stelle.

It was just before the last great charge
That two soldiers drew their rein,
With a shake of the hand and a parting word—
They never might meet again.
One had blue eyes with curly hair,
Nineteen just a month ago;
Down on his chin, red on his cheek,
He was only a boy you know.

The other was tall, stern, dark and proud,
And this world to him was dim,
He only thought of those he loved
And who were most and dearest to him.
They had ridden together on many a raid
And marched on many a mile,
But not till now did they meet their foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

Just then they faced each other
With a fearful ghastly gloom,
The stern, dark man was the first to speak,
Saying, Charley, my hour has come.
We will ride together up the hill,
And if you ride back again,
You will promise to me little trouble to bring,
When you find that I am gone.

I have a fair face on my breast,
I will wear it into the fight,
With a sunny curl and a bright blue eye,
It's like the morning light.
The morning light it is dear to me,
It gladdens a lonely life,
But little she thought of the form of death
When she promised to be my wife.

Write to her, Charley, when I am gone,
Send back that fair, fond face,
Tell her gently where I died.
And where's my resting place.
Tell her my soul will wait for her
In the border line between
Heaven and earth, until she comes,
It will not be long between.

The tears they dimmed in the blue eyed boy,
And his heart was low with pain,
I will do your bidding, comrade, dear,
If I return again, But if I should not
And you should return,
You will do the same for me,
For I have a mother that is waiting at home—
Write to her tenderly.

One after another of those she loved,
She has buried, her husband and son,
And I was the last my country called—
She kissed me and bade me on.
She is waiting at home like a weeping saint,
Her face all covered with woe,
Her heart will be broken when I am gone—
I will see her soon I know.

Just then the order was given to march,
And one instant hand touched hand,
Answered they and on they rushed
That brave and devoted band.
They rode till they came to the crest of the hill,
Where the enemy's shot and shell
Poured drift of death among their ranks
And jeered them as they fell.

Just then they turned with a horrible yell,
For the heights they could not gain,
And all that doom and death had spared
Marched slowly back again.
But among the dead that were left behind,
Was the boy with the curly hair,
And the stern, dark man, that rode by his side
Lay dead beside him there.

* * * * *

There is no one to write to that blue eyed girl
Those words her fond lover said,
Or the mother at home that's waiting her son
Little knows that he is dead.
And little they know of the last kind word;
Those words to soften their pain,
Until they cross the dark river of death
And stand by their side again.

THE VOICE OF CHARITY

'Tis not to pause when at my door,
A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
For faults he once had known,
'Tis not to leave him in despair,
And say that I have none.

The voice of Charity is kind,
She thinketh nothing wrong,
To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she pleaseth faith,
Hope smileth at her door,
She first relieveth, then softly sayeth,
"Go, brother, sin no more."

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

I'm dreaming a dream, this afternoon,
Of days accounted olden,
When laughter played a silver harp,
And youthful days were golden.
I'm dreaming a dream of the olden time,
When life was smooth as the poet's rhyme
When my feet were bare, and my cheeks were brown
And my heart was light as the eider down.

I'm dreaming again this evening time,
Of her whose love grew stronger,
We're walking down the homestead lane
As evening shades grow longer.
My daughters I see, and my little boys,
Those pledges of love that crowned my joys
And the babe comes, too, and we all now meet,
And I kiss them oft, Oh! my dreams are sweet.

I'm dreaming no more this lone midnight,
For footsteps give me warning,
That soon I'll hear the string latch raise,
And angels say "Good Morning."
I'm dreaming no more this lone midnight
For the embers give but a feeble light,
And I hear a step in the outer halls
Good-night, Good-night, for the angel calls.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The scene of this old-time poem is Niagara Falls, and the story it tells is said to have been founded upon a true incident.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled deep,
And silenced the cataract's roar;
But neither the night nor the tempest could keep,
The warrior chieftain on shore.

The war shout has sounded, the stream must be crossed;
Why lingers the leader afar?"
'Twere better his life than his glory be lost,
He never came late to the war.

He seiz'd a canoe as he sprang from the rock,
But fast as the shore fled his reach,
The mountain wave seemed all his efforts to mock,
And dashed the canoe on the beach.

"Great Spirit!" he cried, "shall the battle be given,
And all but their leader be there?
May this struggle land me with them or in heaven!"
And he pushed with the strength of despair.

He has quitted the shore, he has gained the deep,
His guide is the lightning alone;
But he felt not with fast, irresistible sweep,
The rapids were bearing him down.

But the cataract's roar with the thunder now vied;
"Oh, what is the meaning of this?"
He spoke, and just turned to the cataract's side,
As the lightning flash'd down the abyss.

All the might of his arm to one effort was given,
At self-preservation's command;
But the treacherous oar with the effort was riven,
And the fragment remained in his hand.

"Be it so," cried the warrior, taking his seat,
And folding his bow to his breast;
Let the cataract shroud my pale corse with its sheet,
And its roar lull my spirit to rest.

"The prospect of death with the brave I have borne,
I shrink not to bear it alone;
I have often faced death when the hope was forlorn,
But I shrink not to face him with none."

The thunder was hushed, and the battle-field stained,
When the sun met the war-wearied eye,
But no trace of the boat, or the chieftain remained,
Though his bow was still seen in the sky.

WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT?

Where is my wand'ring boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHORUS.

O, where is my boy tonight?
O, where is my boy tonight?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows;
O, where is my boy tonight?

Once he was pure as the morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

O, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!

Go for my wand'ring boy tonight;
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

THE DEAD PUSSY CAT.

You're as dead and cold as a stone,
Little cat,
Dey's done frowed out and left you alone,
Little cat,
I's strokin' your fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere
Little cat,
Why is dat?
Is you' purrin' an' humpin' up done?

And why fer is you's little foot tied,
Little cat,
Did dey's pisen you's tummick inside
Little cat?
Did dey's pound you wif bricks
An' wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat,
Tell me dat?
Did dey hollah w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt very bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh, w'y didn't you wun off an' hide
Little cat?
I's wet in my eyes
Cause I most always cwies,
W'en a pussy cat dies,
Little cat,
T'ink of dat,
An' I's awfully solly besides.

Dest lie dere on the sof' gwoun,
Little cat,
While I tucks de green grass all awoun'
Little cat,
Dey can't hurt you no more,
W'en you's tired an' sore
Dest sleep twiet you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
An' fordet all de kicks of de town.

POEMS WANTED.

The verses entitled Whispering Will are asked for.

The poem in which is the line, Near my little old sod shanty on the plain, is requested.

A poem called The Little Fisherman Girl is wanted. Two of the opening lines of the first verse are:

Down in the lowlands,
A poor girl was wandering.

The old war song, On the Fields of Antietam is requested.

A LITTLE CHAT.

The one who wished for the anthem beginning, "O Lord, how excellent Thy name," will find it to be the eighth psalm, which begins with the words quoted.

Next week's column will be headed with the poem: No Sects in Heaven.

In response to recent requests we have the poem When the King Comes In, and The Station Agent's Story.

LITTLE STORIES

WHAT ROVER SAID TO HIMSELF

"I'm tired of the nursery; I really am. I think I've lived there long enough. Children are all very well in their way, but I want to see what's going on in the big world, or, at any rate, in the garden."

That was what Rover, the fox terrier, thought one fine day not long ago. So, watching his opportunity, he scampered out into the garden, and, oh! he had a glorious time!

First he scratched all around the rose bushes, then scampered across the beds where the quiet little lilies of the valley were practicing the tune they meant to play when the west wind came past, and finally he found a wonderful treasure!

How he barked with delight and scampered round and round it, before going quite close up to examine the wonderful thing he had found.

In fact, he made such a noise with his excited barks that his little mistress and her music teacher ran out to see what was the matter. But by that time Rover had made up his mind to carry on his inquiries, and, after much sniffing and barking, he made a dive inside the great and glorious thing he had discovered.

"Oh, Rover," laughed his mistress, "do stand still a minute, there's a good little doggie!"

And Rover looked up in astonishment while she dashed into the house and returned with a funny little black box in her hand.

"Now what on earth has she got there?" he thought to himself. "It looks rather interesting."

And Rover almost forgot his own newly discovered treasure in his anxiety to try to make out what his mistress had found.

"She seems pleased, too," he thought. "I suppose even humans get excited sometimes, just as dogs do."

And he looked up at his mistress in a most knowing way, as much as to say: "I quite understand, dear little mistress—we're both excited over our treasures, aren't we?"

Presently, "Snap!" he heard, and "I've got him at last," his mistress cried. "He looks a perfect little darling standing up with his paws in that old shoe! Doesn't he, Miss Brown?"

And then, to his disgust, Rover found that he'd been photographed! He'd been so excited over scratching his way into the torn old shoe that he'd quite forgotten all about his mistress' love for trying to photograph him!

"And to think I've been caught at last, after escaping every time she's wanted to 'take' me before!" he growled to himself. At least Rover called it "growling," but it never frightened anyone, for he wasn't old enough yet to give a really frightening growl. "I suppose it's always the same," he sighed, as he stepped out of the old shoe, "curiosity generally gets you into trouble."

ALSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"Dear little Alsie," grandma wrote, "you must write and tell me what you wish for a birthday present." And Alsie thought and thought, for it was a very important matter, and she did not want to make a mistake. For a while she ran her pencil over the page without making a mark, and finally she wrote:

"Dear Grandma—I believe I want a little gold necklace more than anything else. It costs ten dollars. I believe I want it as much as mamma wants a new set of teaspoons."

Grandma smiled when she read the letter; but she sent Alsie ten dollars, telling her she could buy the necklace or anything else. "Because I know," wrote grandma, "that sometimes little people change their minds."

"I don't change my mind when I've got ten dollars to buy a gold necklace," said Alsie, and she ran off to the jewelers. But, while she was standing at the counter waiting for the clerk, she saw laid out in the case before her the prettiest set of teaspoons, and she thought, "I wish mamma had them!"

"The price is ten dollars," said the clerk, "but they're worth it." And he took out the spoons.

"I want to look at the little gold necklace," said Alsie, bashfully. She held the necklace in her hand, but again her blue eyes sought the silver spoons. "I believe," she said softly, "I'll take the spoons."

It was a happy little girl who ran home carrying the teaspoons, a happy little girl who handed them to her surprised mamma, and a happy little girl who wrote:

"Dear Grandma—I know you won't care when I tell you that I spent the ten dollars buying lovely little teaspoons for mamma and all of us, instead of getting the necklace just for myself. I send you a thousand thanks from everybody and a special birthday kiss from your little granddaughter, Alsie."

And grandma did not mind at all.—Louise R. Baker, in Jewels.

CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Baby Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years.

PERFECT CURE BY CUTICURA

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body, but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of sid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4769 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

BIG DEAL IN BAD EGGS

Seven Tons Seized by Food Inspectors at Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 27.—Seven and one-half tons of eggs, every one of which is alleged by the United States government pure food inspectors to be absolutely bad, have been held at a cold storage warehouse since July 26, pending an investigation as to what use it was intended to make of them. It is claimed that the eggs were gathered in an already spoiled condition, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and that they were shipped to Detroit to be used in the manufacture of fancy cookies and particularly in the making of a sweet puffed cracker, especially favored as food for babies.

The seizure was made under the pure food and drugs act, which prohibits the shipment from one state to another of "food stuffs which consist, in whole or in part, of a filthy, decomposed or putrid animal substance."

Eggs Are Frozen.

The eggs are not packed in crates as is customary when they are in good condition, but reached Detroit traveling in big tubs of salt and ice, each egg frozen solid and devoid of its shell. There are 276 of these tubs and the government authorities say that if they were allowed to thaw out the atmosphere to six miles high and forty miles around Detroit wouldn't be fit to breathe for three months.

The government investigation into the uses of the spoiled eggs is now under way, and it is expected that there will be interesting developments in the near future.

The penalty for each violation of the law on conviction is a fine not to exceed $500 or one year's imprisonment or both and $1,000 fine for each subsequent conviction and a prison sentence.

A member of the firm to whom the eggs are consigned, admitted yesterday that they were shipped to them to be sold to a cracker factory, but denied any knowledge that the eggs were bad.

"We don't know about their being bad. We have no desire to violate any of the pure food or other laws of the government," said he. "We have been notified of the seizure and that is all."

Formerly Shipped From Canada.

The claim is made that the eggs in question only cost the shippers about two cents a dozen.

A dispatch from Washington says regarding the traffic:

"According to the report here before the pure food law went into effect, rotten eggs for use in candy and cake factories used to be imported from China, but in such cases the remnants of the eggs were dried and the smell was not very bad until they absorbed moisture in large quantities.

"The pure food law made that trade impossible, so an enterprising firm in Cincinnati undertook to supply the void. Its plan was to buy up all the bad eggs it could get, break them and freeze the stuff into solid cakes. How long the business has been going on the government does not know. It is supposed to have been in operation for a year or more, but as the firm also ships good eggs it was not suspected before of doing anything of this kind."

GIRLS SERIOUSLY HURT

Motor Car on Railroad Became Unmanageable.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Aug. 28.—Messages from Webster Springs, W. Va., say that in a motor car accident there Miss Scherr, daughter of State Auditor Arnold Scherr, Lincoln Republican candidate for governor, and Miss Sweet Mollohan, daughter of Attorney Westley Mollohan, of Charleston, were injured, the latter so seriously that one leg was amputated and the other may have to be similarly operated upon.

The young women were riding in the gasoline motor car of Lee Gorrell, a lumberman, on the narrow-gauge Holly River & Addison railroad when the car became unmanageable and crashed into a log truck. The car was overturned and Miss Mollohan pinned underneath. Miss Scherr sustained a broken arm and suffered other injuries. Gorrell, who was driving the machine, was slightly injured.

WOULD SLASH CRIMINALS

Negro Physician Raises Tempest at Medical Convention.

New York, Aug. 27.—By a speech advocating experimental surgery on criminals condemned to death, Dr. A. M. Brown, a prominent southern negro surgeon, raised a tempest of protest at the tenth annual convention of the National Medical association, composed of negro physicians, dentists and pharmacists.

Brown held that where it is necessary for a criminal to die anyway, why should not his death be made to contribute to the cause of science?

The doctor added that if his suggestion should be adopted these purposes would be served: Longevity would be advanced; crime would be destroyed; surgical science would progress.

A CASSIE CHADWICK ECHO

Husband of Late Wizardess Files Bankrupt Petition.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 28.—With liabilities amounting to over $650,000, and assets of only $175, Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, husband of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, who died in the penitentiary, filed a petition in bankruptcy in United States court yesterday.

Dr. Chadwick places his personal debts at $1,750, while debts contracted through endorsing notes and checks for his wife he places at $650,000. Among creditors named are: Herbert W. Newton, Brookline, Mass., who started the suit against Mrs. Chadwick, $90,800; J. W. Friends, Pittsburg, who loaned money to Mrs. Chadwick on valuables and securities, $50,000; C. T. Beckwith estate, Oberlin, $5,000; J. W. Albaugh, Canton, one of Mrs. Chadwick's attorneys, $5,000; Mrs. C. F. Werner, Baltimore, $1,000; Marcus & Co., New York, $5,000; Kirkpatrick, New York, $5,000; H. F. Adams, New York, $5,000.

Dr. Chadwick originally had a fortune of upwards of $50,000. This was soon wiped out by the debts of Cassie Chadwick, as was a considerable portion of the estate of some of his relatives. It was this fortune and the good name the Chadwick family bore here which formed the basis of his wife's later manipulations and machinations, which involved nearly $2,000,000.

"AFFINITY" EARLE IN JAIL ON WIFE-BEATING CHARGE

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Ferdinand P. Earle, the artist of affinity fame, was arrested at his home near Monroe yesterday afternoon charged with assault in the second degree, alleged to have been committed on his wife on or about August 16, twelve days after the birth of their child.

The complainant was Mrs. Inez Barry, an aunt of Mrs. Earle. It is not known on what the assault charge is based. Earle pleaded guilty to the charge and was held to await the action of the grand jury which meets in October, the magistrate before whom he appeared having no jurisdiction to dispose of his case. Preferring to be locked up rather than give bail, Earle was conveyed to the county jail at Goshen.

At the jail Earle told the keepers that he was very comfortable, but declared he was not at home to newspaper men. In court Earle appeared to be very much affected, tears streaming down his cheeks during the proceedings.

Mrs. Earle, accompanied by her baby and a nurse, hurried away in an automobile towards Central Valley, where she will remain with friends for the present. Albert and Charles Kuttner, brothers of Mrs. Earle, were near at hand when Earle was arrested.

INVESTIGATE MINE HORROR

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 26.—A conference dealing with mining conditions existing in the United States and the great number of fatalities resulting from mine accidents is being held here.

Victor Watteyne, chief of the Belgian department of mines, who arrived here yesterday from New York as a guest of the United States government, is conferring with Clarence Hall, of the United States geological survey, who is in charge of the government experimental station here, and J. W. Paul, chief of the department of mines of West Virginia.

A thorough investigation of the recent mine disasters at Monongah, W. Va., Jacobs Creek, Pa., and Fayette City, Pa., will be made.

About September 1, Captain Desborough, of England, and Herr Meissner, of Germany, both expert mining engineers, will join Mr. Watteyne in the investigation for which congress has appropriated $150,000.

The abandoned mine at Hanna, Wyo., where seventy miners met death, will also be visited and about eight weeks will be spent in the investigation in this country.

TONY PASTOR IS DEAD

Famous Theatre Manager and Veteran Clown Expires on Long Island.

Elmhurst, L. I., Aug. 27.—Antonio (Tony) Pastor, the theatrical manager, died last night after an illness of several weeks. He was 71.

Pastor was taken ill Aug. 10, and failed rapidly. He rallied several times, but the doctors did not hold out any hope for recovery. During his illness letters, telegrams and cards poured into Kerry cottage, his home here, from all parts of the country, and lately messages from Europe began to arrive.

Pastor was one of the best known theatrical managers in the country. He was born in New York in 1837, and made his first appearance on the stage with a minstrel troupe at the age of nine years. A few years later he became a clown and for fifteen years was a funmaker in the circus ring.

As a comic singer, Pastor made his greatest success. He commenced his career as a singer of comic songs in 1861, and was so successful that in four years he had amassed enough money to get control of a music hall. For ten years he was manager of a music hall in the Bowery. In 1875 he opened the Metropolitan theatre as Tony Pastor's theatre, securing such stars as Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, May Irwin and others in their first successes. In 1881 he opened the Tony Pastor theatre on Fourteenth street next to Tammany Hall and presided over it up to the time of his illness. His loss to the theatrical profession from a sentimental standpoint will be a great one. For many years he has engaged in a secret system of charity whereby he paid a small sum each week to some of the actors who helped him to his success and who are now poor. He would never tell who these pensioners were, but never a week went by that they did not hear from him.

Strain Too Great.

"Tony lost $100,000 in the last season," said Mrs. Pastor, "and the strain brought him death. He refused a five-year renewal of the lease a few days ago, and the thought that he was now, for the first time in 60 years, without employment, has been too much for him."

Mrs. Pastor is the second wife of the great song and dance man. She was wedded to him 29 years ago. They have no children.

Tony Pastor was widely known throughout the country and also in European cities as a vaudeville manager. He began his public career in 1845 at the age of 8 years, when he made his debut in Barnum's Museum, and four years later he went on the road with the Raymond & Waring circus, doing a blackface stunt as a singer and tambourinist, riding in the "Grand Entree" and also doing a tumbling act.

Up to civil war times Pastor followed the circus, playing most of the star parts.

In 1861 he was a singer in a variety theatre, at 444 Broadway. When the news of the firing on Sumter reached the city, Pastor's patriotism was aroused, and he purchased a big American flag and a copy of the "Star Spangled Banner," every stanza of which he committed to memory.

That night he came out, waving the flag and singing the anthem. The audience went wild with enthusiasm, and Tony occupied the stage for the remainder of that evening. The audience would not let him retire.

Cheered Themselves Hoarse.

Every man and boy in the house—no women were allowed to attend variety shows in those days—stood up and cheered until dumb from hoarseness.

Pastor's career as a manager was begun in the spring of 1865, when, with Samuel Sharpley, the minstrel, he took a variety company on the road.

Pastor was the first manager to let down the bars excluding women from variety performances. His venture in Paterson in the latter part of 1865 was really the pioneer vaudeville entertainment as the term is now used.

He built an immense "family patronage" by presenting to the women at the matinee performances gifts of various kinds, including silk dresses, barrels of flour and sewing machines.

PRAISES AMERICAN SAILORS.

Sydney, Aug. 28.—The inspector general of the secret police declared yesterday in an interview that it would be impossible to find a better behaved or more manly lot of fellows than the American sailors showed themselves to be during their stay here.

TAKE NEGRO FROM POLICE

Is Hanged After Deputies Are Overpowered.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 29.—George Johnson, a negro, was hanged by a mob at Murfreesboro, 30 miles south of here about 9 o'clock last night. The negro attempted an assault upon a Miss Morris, seven miles from Murfreesboro, He was captured and taken to Murfreesboro, where the young lady identified him and he confessed.

Sheriff Primm had a strong force on guard, but when he learned of preparations to dynamite the jail he attempted to get his prisoner away to this city in a buggy, with two deputies.

About 400 yards from the jail the officers with prisoner were overtaken by the mob, the buggy was overturned, the deputies overpowered and the negro swung up to a nearby tree. Two shots were fired and it is understood a member of the mob was slightly wounded.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY

Youthful Cashier Held Responsible for Athens, Mich., Bank Wreck.

Athens, Mich., Aug. 29.—Harry Lewis, the 24-year-old cashier of the Athens Savings bank, which was closed Thursday by the state banking commissioner, was arrested yesterday by Sheriff Graham and arraigned before Justice Batdorff on a charge of forgery. The specific charge is that Lewis forged the name of J. A. Stanton to a note for $1,400. He was released on $2,000 bail and will have a hearing on September 4.

The bank officials practically to a man threw the responsibility on Lewis, who, during the hearing in Circuit Judge North's court, sat in one corner, sobbing like a child as Bank Commissioner Zimmerman plied him with leading questions.

False Entries Made.

Attorney Ware charged Cashier Lewis with having made false entries so skillfully as to deceive the officers of the bank even upon their investigation.

"The books show $12,700 due from banks in reserve towns," said Mr. Ware, "whereas there is not more than $3,000 so due."

The remarkable feature came when Ware announced that the bank had made $35,000 loans, largely through Cashier Lewis, without the knowledge of other officials.

"One loan of $15,000, secured by individual indorsers, will be paid within a few days," said Ware. "Another of $10,000, made by Cashier Lewis, is ready to be paid."

Ware claims that $7,000 loaned elsewhere is well secured. Hence, he expects to be able to prove the bank's solvency.

Says Bank Is Insolvent.

Attorney Chase then announced that the department had found the Athens bank hopelessly insolvent, with traces of perjury, forgery and false entries to be investigate.

Then, turning to Directors Wells, Albertson and others, nearly all of them patriarchal villagers, with flowing white beards and honest faces, Chase said:

"You directors may be honest, but you have hopelessly neglected your duty in shoving responsibility on a 23-year-old boy."

Bonds of $2,000 were readily furnished by Lewis' father, R. H. Lewis, a stockholder of the bank. He was badly broken up by the scene, but no more so than was W. M. Albertson, the aged director who signed the complaint.

POLICE TRY TO LYNCH

Squad Attacks Prisoner Suspected of Killing Patrolman.

Denver, Col., Aug. 27.—John Bradley, alias John Brennan, a cowboy, who was arrested on suspicion of having murdered Policeman William P. Stephens, was set upon by a number of police officers at headquarters and narrowly escaped being beaten to death. Detectives fought off the infuriated patrolmen.

Bradley was captured on a ranch twenty miles from the scene of the killing and arrived at city hall here just as a force of policemen was gathering for duty. The bluecoats swarmed into the corridor and attacked the man under arrest, knocking him down with clubs.

HAZERS HANG APPRENTICE

Oklahoma Lad Found With Eyes Bulging, Tongue Black.

San Francisco, Aug. 27.—The Bulletin prints a story of the hazing at the naval training station at Yerba Buena island of Earl Irey, a 21-year old apprentice, on the training ship Pensacola, which will probably result in the loss of sight by Irey and the court martial of O. F. Guy and J. Valerous, two shipmates.

Irey was caught by Guy and Valerous as he was preparing to retire for the night, a noose was fastened tightly around his neck, th rope passed over a hook and he was swung clear of the deck, remaining suspended for five minutes. He was found in this position by the master at arms, his eyes bulging out and his tongue swollen and black.

For days he lingered between life and death and the doctors now say that he has lost the sight of one eye and probably both. Irey will be sent to his home in Oklahoma.

FAVOR FEDERAL CONTROL

Associated Fraternities Want Government Supervision.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Delegates to the eighth annual meeting of the Associated Fraternities of America, at the closing session went on record in favor of placing under direct supervision of the federal government the business of fraternal insurance companies doing business in the United States.

Omaha was selected for the 1909 meeting and the following officers elected: President, J. C. Root, Omaha; vice president, E. W. Donovan, Detroit; secretary and treasurer, Capt. C. H. Robinson, Washington.

THE HAINSES ARE HELD

Army Captain and His Brother Must Face Grand Jury.

New York, Aug. 28.—Captain Peter C. Hains, of the United States army, who shot and killed William E. Annis at Bayside, L. I., nearly two weeks ago, and Captain Hains' brother, T. Jenkins Hains, a writer for magazines, who, it is charged, held the spectators at bay while the captain did the killing, were arraigned in a magistrate's court in Long Island City today. T. Jenkins Hains is accused of being an accessory to the murder, while the captain is alleged to be the principal.

Both were held to the grand jury without bail.

Three witnesses testified for the prosecution. Patrolman Charles W. Baker, who arrested the brothers after the shooting, said that when he arrived on the yacht club float Annis was lying there wounded.

Charles W. Roberts, a member of the Bayside Yacht club, testified that he witnessed the shooting and helped Annis from the water, which was crimson with his blood. Annis, the witness testified, said to Captain Hains: "You have made a horrible mistake." The witness stated that he attempted to interfere at the sound of the first shot, but that T. Jenkins Hains thrust a revolver into his face and shouted: "Keep back, or I'll kill you." Afterward he said T. Jenkins Hains asked the witness:

"What could I do? He was my brother. I have been trying to persuade him from doing this for some time." At this point Captain Hains interrupted his brother, saying:

"Keep still, this is my affair."

Dr. Frey, the coroner's physician, described Annis' wounds, of which he said there were twenty, four of which would have been fatal.

No testimony was given in defense. The Hains brothers were taken from the Queens county jail handcuffed together and rode on a street car in the custody of a deputy sheriff to Magistrate Gilroy's court. Captain Hains, who, when he last appeared in court, wore the uniform of his army rank, today was clad in citizen's clothes and his pallor and unshaven appearance indicated the effects of his confinement in jail. His brother showed no effects of his imprisonment.

AMERICAN LAND IS NOT WEARING OUT.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 28.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in an address at the Iowa State fair, said yesterday that after forty years' investigation the department of agriculture was ready to say conclusively that Aemrican land is not wearing out. On the contrary the productivity of the land on the whole is larger today than it was ten years ago. This is the first information upon the matter given out by the secretary.

MARGARET D. VOKES DEAD

Well Known Comedienne Dies at Summer Home.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 28.—Margaret Daly Vokes, the well-known comedienne, died at her summer home in Lynnfield last night after a long illness of tuberculosis. She was the wife of Harry Vokes, of the Ward & Vokes Co., and was one of the famous Daly family, which has long been prominent in theatrical affairs.

Mrs. Vokes' best known parts are those in which she depicted the "tough" girl, and the "country" girl, and her specialty was dancing. She has been a member of the Ward & Vokes company, and had played in some of the Hoyt productions, having starred in A Trip to Chinatown.

Mrs. Vokes was born in Revere 35 years ago.

KILLED ROBBING A FRIEND

Policeman Shoots Neighbor Found in His Home.

Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—Caught in the act of robbing the house of a neighbor who had many times befriended him, Edward Mooney, a former city fireman with a record for heroism, was shot and killed by Policeman Harrington last night.

Harrington was notified that burglars were at work in the home of Frederick Eastwick, and on entering found Mooney ransacking a bedroom. Mooney turned out the light and exclaiming, "Well, its you and me for it," jumped at the policeman. Both drew revolvers, but Harrington shot first and a bullet entered the former fireman's head, inflicting a wound from which he died later in a hospital.

130 LOST IN FLOODS

Property Loss in the Greatest Water Disaster in South Will Be Millions.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 29.—One hundred and thirty lives lost and a property loss estimated as high as $5,000,000 are the results of the worst flood in the history of the south that is now sweeping Georgia and vicinity and, a little further to the west, New Mexico. One hundred of the deaths occurred in Georgia and the Carolinas.

Sixty of the victims lost their lives in Augusta, Ga., where many on the outskirts of the city were drowned and several were crushed to death in warehouse fires.

In South Carolina the loss of life will reach probably twenty. In North Carolina possibly half a dozen whites and as many negroes have been killed.

Situation Serious.

The flood situation in Georgia and the Carolinas is serious. Several cities are under water, business houses have been undermined, bridges washed away, and thousands of people have been left homeless.

An appeal for relief has been made by the Governor of Georgia. A drop in temperature threatened to add to the suffering of the flood victims.

The flood water at Augusta is receding rapidly, and as the water leaves the streets, it is apparent that the loss has been underestimated.

Every mill in Augusta where loss of life occurred has been shut down and there will be no manufacturing operations for weeks. Five thousand persons have been thrown out of employment and the list will be swelled to twenty-five thousand when the mills in other Georgia cities and in South and North Carolina are considered.

Farmers Suffer.

Among the farms hundreds of acres of land have been wiped clean of growing crops, while other hundreds are covered with beds of sand and slime and practically ruined. Travel by rail or road is impossible and many will suffer for food and shelter before all can be located.

No trains have entered or left Fayetteville, N. C., for three days. The food supply is short, eggs are selling at a dollar a dozen, and vegetables are held at four times their value.

A flood in the Cimmoran river, following a cloudburst, washed away a number of dwellings at Folsom, N. M. Thirty persons are reported to have been drowned. Eleven bodies have been recovered. Ten miles of track and twelve bridge on the Colorado & Southern railway were washed out. Trains have been laid out 48 hours.

DECEPTION IS CHARGED

Athens, Mich., Bank Closed by Commissioner.

Lansing, Mich., Aug. 28.—Banking Commissioner Zimmerman issued an order yesterday directing the closing of the state bank at Athens. Mr. Zimmerman said:

"The examination of the Athens state and savings bank, Athens, just concluded by Mr. Van Keuren, one of the examiners of the department, shows a condition of affairs indicating gross mismanagement. Evidence was found to satisfy me that a deliberate plan to deceive the department, as well as some of the directors, had been adopted since the last previous examination, made March 10, 1908.

"I am unable to say what the value of some of the assets of the bank is and, in consequence, no reliable statement can at this time be made as to what will be realized by the depositors."

The capital of the bank is $15,000, and on August 24, according to its statement, the commercial deposits were $25,000; savings deposits, $72,000; surplus and net profits, $3,100; loans and discounts, $86,442; bonds and mortgages, $34,519.

Blames Cashier if Any Fraud.

Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 28.—President I. E. Wells offered the following statement relative to the closing of the Athens state and savings bank:

"I can say nothing about the closing except that I believe it was through a misunderstanding of the cashier, H. G. Lewis, with the methods of the state banking commission. I believe the bank has sufficient assets to pay all of the depositors in full. If any attempt has been made to deceive the state department, it is the fault of the cashier. He is the son of one of the stockholders and was believed to be perfectly honest."

"Cashier Lewis had gone on a fishing trip to Kinyon lake and could not be located. All the reason for the failure is said by residents of the city to be the injudicious loaning of money on poor collateral.

ECUADOR RULER STRICKEN

President Alfaro Suffers From Attack of Heart Trouble.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Aug. 27.—President Alfaro is suffering from a serious attack of heart failure, which may prove fatal any moment.

UNCLE SAM IS CARING FOR THREE LEPERS IN THE ARMY

Washington, Aug. 28.—Inquiry as to the facilities of the war department for taking care of the leper, John E. Early, formerly a United States soldier, and now isolated in this city, has developed the fact that a leper is being cared for in the volunteer soldiers' home at Milwaukee, in the person of Alfred S. O'Gorman, formerly a private in company G first infantry of the regular army and also a member of a volunteer regiment during the Spanish war.

Private O'Gorman was an inmate of the volunteer soldiers' home at Milwaukee when it was discovered that he was afflicted with the disease. He was promptly isolated and measures were at once taken to have the war department remove him from that home. The war department replied to the authorities at Milwaukee that they could place the leper in the colony in the Philippines, in California, in Louisiana or in Porto Rico and did not object to accepting him in the soldiers' home of the regular army in the District of Columbia, but when an effort was made to secure transportation for the soldier it was found that no railroad would accept him. That was two years ago and he has since been cared for in the volunteer home at Milwaukee.

The army also has control of another leper who is located at Fort Scrivin, on the island of Tybee, off the port of Savannah, Ga.

WOULD LYNCH INFORMER

Mob of Negroes Dispersed at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Aug. 28.—A mob of 500 colored men and boys, who accused Claude Andrews, the cousin of Jesse Coe, of having betrayed him into a trap which Sheriff Bryant, of Kentucky, had set for him, was dispersed by the police on Cora street near Senate avenue last night. The mob had formed about the home of one of Andrews' relatives, on whom he had called, and was making threats against him when Detective John Morgan arrived. Finding Andrews in the house, the detective attempted to get him away, but was unable to quiet the noisy crowd. More officers were sent to the scene and the mob was dispersed.

Sheriff J. E. Bryant, of Monroe county, Kentucky, and one of his deputies yesterday produced the body of Jesse Coe, a negro, who has been wanted in this city since September 30, 1906. On the night of that date Patrolmen Sullivan and Pettigard were killed in an alley by two negroes whom the officers had seen breaking into a house. George Williams, one of the negroes, was captured and hanged. Jesse Coe, the other, has since been a fugitive in his natnve hills, near Marlinsburg, Ky.

Sheriff Bryant was paid $1,500 by Mayor Bookwalter upon the identification of the body of Coe, which the sheriff and his deputy had brought here.

Coe's whereabouts was betrayed to Sheriff Bryant by Claude Andrews, a cousin of Coe, who will get $800 of the reward. The sheriff and three deputies lay in ambush Wednesday afternoon at a place in the mountains agreed upon with Andrews, who had enticed Coe to the spot on the pretense of hunting squirrels. Here the officers came upon him. Coe was armed with a rifle. He refused to surrender and attempted to shoot, but the officers were first and shot him to death.

800 BARRELS OF BEER POURED OUT.

Oklahoma City Okla., Aug. 28.—Eight hundred barrels of beer, valued at $8,000, belonging to a local brewing company, were emptied into a sewer yesterday afternoon in the presence of State Dispensary Agent Robert E. Lozier and Internal Revenue Collector Charles Howard.

Two thousand people attended the emtpying, some with buckets and pitchers, hoping for a chance of salvage. This hope was disappointed. The beer was on hand when the prohibitory law became effective.

EARLE GRABS UP HIS GUN

Affinity Man Also Sets Dog on the Reporters.

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 29.—There has been mystery in the movements of Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the Monroe artist, since his release on bail from the jail at Goshen. It is said Earle and his wife and child are in the artist's home at Monroe. Other reports have it that he and his family are stopping with friends near Central Valley, Orange county.

There was plenty of excitement when the reporters discovered Earle in the home of his friend, F. J. Kelly in the mountains back of Highland Falls, after the artist had been missing all night. Earle refused to be interviewed, and when the camera men tried to snapshot him he ran into the house and got a gun. Coming out he told the newspaper men to leave the grounds.

Seeing that they were not frightened he retreated to a tent on the side of a hill not far from the house. He then called a dog and left the animal on guard.

MINE PRESIDENT IS KILLED

Magazine Writer's Father Met Death in Shaft Explosion.

Redfern, S. D., Aug. 27.—J. B. Taylor, one of the best known mining men in the Black Hills, and his helper, Chris. Miller, were instantly killed by an explosion in the Burlington mine yesterday.

Taylor had been in the Black Hills since 1879. He was president of the company in whose mine he met his death. His daughter is a magazine writer.

THIRTY ARE DEAD

Property Loss Estimated at More Than Two Million Dollars.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 29.—A call for assistance, a loss of a million and a half of dollars, in Augusta alone, and of a milion in other cities in South Carolina and parts of Georgia, fourteen known lives lost, with a total death list estimated at 30, summarizes the flood conditions in the south today.

Reports of damage from points in South and North Carolina are coming in slowly. Bridges have been washed away in South Carolina along the Southern railway, and until midnight last night it was impossible to secure communication with any point out of Atlanta. Most of the killed by the high water were caught in their homes on the outskirts of the city. There are many unverified rumors of others killed. In South Carolina the loss of life will reach probably twenty. In North Carolina possibly half a dozen whites and as many negroes have been killed, mostly by falling walls.

At a late hour this afternoon the loss of life is estimated at thirty persons, most of them colored.

FIFTEEN DROWN AT AUGUSTA

Loss in That City Will Be Upwards of Million.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 28.—Flood waters at Augusta are receding, after having reached the height of 40 feet, probably as high as the flood of 1888. Fifteen persons were drowned, most of them negroes.

Rain has ceased in the upper valley and there is no danger of further damage. The loss now is between $750,000 and $1,000,000, and consists of damage to stocks of goods and private property, losses on the streets, destruction of wagon and railroad bridges across the Savannah river, and breaks in the canal banks.

At 10:30 this morning the Central Grammar school collapsed, the walls of the National Biscuit company building had fallen, and the underpinning of the Port Royal bridge had been washed away. The flood apparently has damaged the foundations of a great many buildings in the lower part of the city.

THREE THOUSAND HOMELESS

Fayetteville, N. C., Almost Entirely Submerged by Flood.

Fayetteville, N. C., Aug. 28.—This city, with a population of 12,000 and located on the Cape Fear river, is almost entirely submerged because of the floods last night and early today. Three thousand persons are homeless in the city and an appeal has been issued for relief.

Cold Adds to Suffering.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 28.—Georgia and the Carolinas awoke this morning facing a drop in temperature which threatened to add suffering to those who have been made homeless by the floods. The mercury reached very near the freezing point in some sections.

Spartanburg, Greenville and Columbia, S. C., report that the danger is passed throughout the state. The flood damage is heavy in some sections but is chiefly in crops. A dozen trains on various railroads attempted to leave Atlanta yesterday and last night for northern points, but were blocked in South Carolina by washed-out bridges. The first trains from New York to arrive for several days reached Atlanta last night.

Bridges Destroyed.

Spartanburg, S. C., Aug. 28.—By reason of a crippled telephone system Spartanburg is in the dark as to the extent of the flood havoc near here. The only authentic information is of the destruction of country bridges, their value being estimated at $200,000.

HUNDREDS DIE IN BATTLE

Revolution in Persia Is Now in Full Swing.

Teheran, Aug. 28.—The latest news that has arrived here by courier confirms the report that revolution is in full swing in the western and southern parts of Persia. All the tribes in Persian Kurdistan have raised the banner of revolt under the leadership of the constitutionalists, and demand the immediate convocation of a parliament; otherwise they threaten to declare for independence. The government officers are falling into the hands of the insurgents everywhere and a large number of soldiers have been killed. The governor of Sultanieh has fled with a small remnant of loyal troops, the remainder of the troops having joined the insurgents.

The city of Kerman is in the hands of the revolutionists, the government officials having either fled or submitted. The vice governor has been killed.

The seizure of the city was preceded by a bloody battle.

RED ANTS EAT DYING MAN

Terre Haute Contractor's Awful Death Near Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 27.—After lying helpless under a tree near the ostrich farm east of the city from Sunday afternoon until Tuesday night, his life slowly ebbing away, while red ants swarmed over his body and literally ate him alive, Burton B. Jarvis, aged 26, a contracting teamster of 25 Chestnut street, Terre Haute, Ind., died yesterday at the county hospital, where he was taken when found Tuesday night.

Jarvis was suffering from tuberculosis and came to California two years ago. Last Sunday he left his hotel in the afternoon to go to the ostrich farm for a pleasure trip. On the way he became faint and walking over to a shade tree lay down. Instead of recovering his strength he fainted and did not regain consciousness until long after dark that night.

For two days and nights he lay helpless, with ants and other insects tormenting him. Occasional passersby thought the man under the influence of liquor and did not go to his assistance.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

FIFTY-ONE DROWN

Only Two of Crew of British Steamer Duncarn Survive Typhoon.

Tokio, Aug. 28.—News of the sinking of the British steamer Duncarn and the loss of all but two of the fifty-three members of her crew in the typhoon which raged on August 26 off the port of Goto, on the island of Kiuhiu, has reached here in a report received from Moji, a town on the same island.

The names of the survivors are given as William Phillips, an engineer, and John Landon, a seaman, both of whom were picked up by the Japanese steamer Sakyo Maru.

The Dunearn was bound from Nikolaievsk, Asiatic Russia, to Singapore, and put in at the port of Karatsu for coal. Again putting to sea on August 24, the ship ran into the very center of a typhoon which sent her to the bottom.

The two survivors are prostrated from exposure and hardship, and a subscription has been taken up for them among the crew of the Sakyo.

The Duncarn was a steel screw steamer of 2,200 tons, commanded by Captain J. Graham. She sailed from Hamburg for Nikolaievsk on May 27, and arrived at the port on August 21.

RAIN AND COLD KILL 2

New York Has Drenching Lasting 24 Hours.

New York, Aug. 27.—A downpour of rain lasting more than twenty-four hours and attended by the coldest August weather New York has had in twenty-three years, is responsible for two deaths and great property damage. More than three inches of rain fell and the thermometer registered as low as fifty-six degrees. The gale tore up trees and levelled crops in the vicinity of New York. Those to meet death were John Lynch, who drowned in a sewer, and an unidentified cripple, who perished from exposure in an East Side hallway.

Several buildings in course of construction collapsed when their foundations became inundated. At Fire Island the surf hotel sank several inches and part of the building fell. Miss Oakley, daughter of the proprietor, was injured by falling plaster, but the guests escaped unhurt. Sections of several streets sank, and in one place in Brooklyn there was danger that a number of buildings would fall as a result of the sinking of a street. In upper Manhattan, the roadway sank five feet as a taxicab was traveling over it, and the two passengers and the chauffeur had to scramble through mud and water to save themselves. The auto was rescued after considerable trouble.

FIRE, FLOOD, AT AUGUSTA

Water Stood Six to Eight Feet in Streets of Georgia City.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 27.—Augusta yesterday was visited by one of the worst floods in its history.

The Savannah river began rising rapidly early Tuesday, continuing throughout the day up to a late hour last night. Water from the river and the canal surged down the city until a depth of from six to eight feet had been reached in a territory bounded by Fifteenth street on the west to the extreme eastern boundary of the city.

So far as known three persons have been drowned, but their identity had not been learned this morning. Reports of capsizing boats in the swift current have been received, but have not been verified because of the utter chaos the city was thrown into by the sudden rise of the water and resulting confusion.

Two Fires.

Two fires were reported in the flooded district. Lime stored in warehouses coming in contact with the water was said to have been the cause of explosions which destroyed the warehouses of the Nixon Wholesale Grocery company's warehouse and the Nixon & Danforth cotton warehouse. The fires were a spectacular addition to the devastation already rife and the people were compelled to stand idly by and watch the new feature of destruction.

There is a great deal of suffering among the poorer classes of whites and the negroes who occupied houses nearest the low lands. When the river began to rise people could be seen going through the streets with what little bedding and other articles they could hurriedly gather up and handily carry on their backs. Women were seen with their children in their arms making their way toward higher places while the men were driving live stock.

Many people in attempting to wade or swim from their homes or from places of business in the flooded district to points of vantage lost their footing and only saved themselves from the rushing torrent by catching to tree limbs or anything else they could get hold of.

Loss Half Million.

It is not possible to give an estimate of the financial loss resulting from the flood. When it is taken into consideration that every business house and every bank and store was submerged in from four to eight or nine feet of water and nearly all the residence portion, including the fashionable residence district of Green street, with all its churches, in from three to six feet of water, it will be seen that the damage is inestimable.

Including loss from last night's fires, the cessation from business until the city has recovered itself and the damage to stocks of goods of all kinds, it is thought that the loss will go well above the half-million mark.

GOOD READING

TOLEDO WELCOMES VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

HUSTLING FOR PRIZES

Four Candidates in Spirited Contest for Commander-in-Chief.

Four candidates are actively making a canvass for commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and six cities the mentioned for the Grand Army encampment of 1909. The election of officers will take place at the business session of the encampment in the Valentine theatre, St. Clair and Adams street, on Thursday afternoon and they will be installed on the day following. The place for the forty-third encampment will be determined at the business session on Friday.

The contesting candidates for commander-in-chief are Henry M. Nevius, of Red Bank, New Jersey; L. T. Dickason, of Chicago, Ill.; Samuel Van Sant, of Minneapolis, and C. E. Adams, of Superior, Neb.

Inquiries at the headquarters of each of these men this morning elicited the information that their campaigns are progressing splendidly. Claims were made for each candidate that he would have a majority of the voting strength of the encampment, something like 800.

Salt Lake City, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Kalamazoo and Seattle are active candidates for the encampment next year. Many Grand Army leaders are in favor of selecting Washington, D. C., for the fourth time. One of the reasons advanced is that next year the monument to Dr. Stephenson, founder of the Grand Army, will be ready for unveiling in that city, and another is that it is thought that through congressional appropriation the money necessary to defray the expenses can be more easily secured than in any other way.

Salt Lake City Hustling.

But this Washington talk isn't hindering the representatives of the other cities from making a fight for the next encampment. The claim of Salt Lake City, for instance, will be put forward by George C. Squires, who has documentary backing to the effect that "what this commission says can be relied upon implicitly. Salt Lake City will do exactly what they say it will do, and it will be proud in fulfilling every pledge made."

As the day of election is four days away, some of the booms for minor offices are not actively under way, bu those for commander-in-chief are.

Nevius Claims Prominent.

Henry M. Nevius has planted his guns in Parlor H, of the Boody, right at the head of the first flight of stairs, and his personal representative declares that "the indications point to the selection of Mr. Nevius, of the department of New Jersey, as commander-in-chief. He will probably have a two-thirds vote." These are the words of C. A. Suydam, assistant adjutant, department of Pennsylvania. Nevius will be nominated by Thomas Cole, of Jersey City.

Colonel C. E. Adams, of Superior, Neb., speaks for himself at room 322, the Boody. "Our department arrived on Sunday, and my campaign so far is very satisfactory to me. Last year I was a candidate for the honor that went to Commander-in-Chief Burton." Colonel Adams served in the Fifth Wisconsin battery of light artillery, and is a banker and stock dealer in his home town. He is accompanied by Mrs. Adams, past national commander of the Woman's Relief Corps. He was to have been nominated by ex-Senator Charles F. Manderson, who was seriously injured in Omaha.

Past Commander-in-Chief Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, is at the head of the contest in behalf of Ex-Governor Samuel R. Van Sant. He said:

"We are aggressively fighting, with excellent prospects for success, and we expect to see him elected. He is getting strong support from all parts of the country."

Dr. J. C. Irey, of Chicago, personal representative of Colonel L. T. Dickason, at the Secor, said: "The tide is turning in favor of Dickason, and many delegates who were pledged to other candidates are changing over to the Illinois man. Dickason is easily in the lead, judging from present indication." He will be placed in nomination by Hon. W. J. Calhoun, of Chicago, while it is probable that Ex-Commander Torrance will perform the same service for Ex-Governor Van Sant.

BAR SAILORS FROM DANCE

Oyster Bay Pavilion Managers Balk at Navy Uniform.

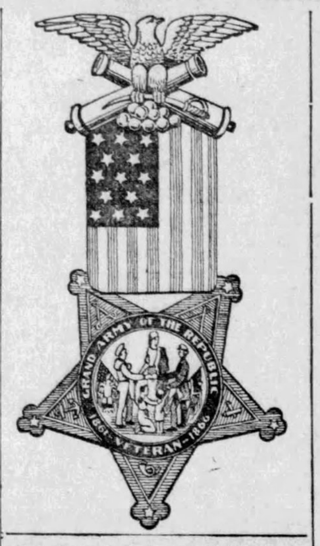
Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Several sailors from the President's yacht Sylph, which is stationed here under Lieut. Roger Williams for the president's use during his vacation, were refused admittance to a dancing pavilion in the village Saturday. A long argument followed, the sailors claiming that the uniform of the United States navy should not bar them from any place.

The men of the president's yacht are all picked men and no trouble has been experience from them anywhere in the village this summer.

ON EVE OF A CIVIL WAR

All Persian Provinces Are in State of Anarchy.

Teheran, Aug. 31.—Latest advices received here indicate that all the provinces are in a state of anarchy and that the country is on the eve of a civil war. Word has reached here from Nuddea that a party of liberal Mushtaieds has started for Persia to proclaim a holy war against the shah among the Djat population.



WOMAN LYNCHER SUICIDE

Kate Howard, Who Led Springfield Mob, Dies.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 27.—Mrs. Kate Howard, one of the leaders in the recent riot in this city, committed suicide yesterday by swallowing acid soon after being placed under arrest. She died as she was being led into the jail.

Before the special grand jury now in session, many witnesses testified that Mrs. Howard was one of the ringleaders of the mob which wrecked Loper's restaurant and cafe. She was the first person indicted and was held on several counts in the sum of $10,000, which she furnished. When she was released she said she woud never be arrested again.

Yesterday, shortly after the special grand jury returned another indictment against her charging murder in connection with the recent lynchings, Deputy Sheriff Kramer was sent to Mrs. Howard's rooms to arrest her. Mrs. Howard received the officer at the door. She secretly swallowed a large dose of poison, then said:

"I'm ready to go now."

FLEET AT MELBOURNE

American Tars March Overland to Town Halls.

Melbourne, Monday, Aug. 31.—The formal entry of the Americans into Melbourne took place yesterday. Admiral Sperry and his staff landed at the St. Kilda pier, where they were met by the prime minister Alfred Deakin, the premier of Victoria, Sir Thomas Bent and the other members of the commonwealth and state ministries.

The other officers of the American fleet and blue jackets and marines, to the number of more than 2,000, landed at Port Melbourn pier at 9:45 a. m. From this point they marched, twelve deep, past Port Melbourne and South Melbourne town halls, to St Kilda road, the main southern approach to the city, where the dense masses of sight seers had assembled.

The enormous crowd that turned out to witness the formal entry of the American sailors this morning proved too much for the Princess Bridge which spans the Yara river and forms the main approach to the city proper. The bridge barriers were overborne and as a result several people were slightly injured.

JUDGE TAFT GOES FISHING

Angles for Black Bass from a Rowboat.

Middle Bass, O., Aug. 31.—Judge Taft went fishing today. The start was made from Middle Bass island at 8 o'clock this morning. His companions were Ed. Miller, of Columbus; Ed. Marsh, of Sandusky; W. C. Beckwith, of Fostoria; General H. C. Corbin and Charles Taft. Mr. Beckwith's power boat, the Faustina, was used to haul the party out to Rattlesnake Reefs, off Rattlesnake island, a point some two or three miles distant. They fished for black bass from rowboats, which were towed out by the Faustina and which were manned by expert oarsmen.

Judge Taft attended a musical soiree at the club house last evening. After the concert Col. Charles T. Lewis, of Toledo, president of the Middle Bass club, which is entertaining Judge Taft and party, introduced Judge and Mrs. Taft to the guests in a little speech, and all the sojourners filed up to meet him and get acquainted. There is a possibility that Judge Taft's stay here may be prolonged until September 8. The original plan, tentatively adopted, was to leave here on September 7. That being Labor day, it is feared that travel may be too heavy to make his trip to Cincinnati as comfortable as it will be on the following day.

DOES NOT WANT DIVORCE

Thaw Denies That He Is to Ask for Separation.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 29.—Harry K. Thaw today denied unqualifiedly the report that he intended to bring suit for divorce against Evelyn Thaw. He said the report was false in every detail. He added that his wife was at present in a sanitarium taking a rest cure, but he refused to divulge her whereabouts. Thaw said that he knew positively that his wife was not contemplating bringing proceedings for a separation.

CANNIBALISM IN SIBERIA.

St. Petersburg, Saturday, Aug. 8.—Details are given in Yakutsk newspapers of a revolting case of cannibalism among the nomadic tribe of Lamuts, living on the River Korkodin, in extreme northwestern Siberia.

One of the nomads, driven desperate by hunger, devoured the bodies of his brother's wife and four children. A party of hunters came upon the deserted encampment, found the remains of the bodies and reported the case. There was no vestige of food on the premises.

ATLANTIC CITY IS DRY

Governor Fort Succeeds in Clamping the Lid Tight.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 31.—A blue Sunday came to Atlantic City yesterday. Many persons, familiar with the history of this famed resort, have been inclined to doubt the possibility of such a thing, but yesterday every one of the 220 saloons and hotel hotel bars was closed, alike to bona fide guests and strangers. It is said that this was the fourth time in the fifty-four years of its existence that a drinkless day has been experienced in Atlantic City. A bulletin posted at police headquarters yesterday afternoon stated:

"Saloons all closed. No troops in town."

Another bulletin, officially signed by the chief of police consisted of a card on which was printed

"In 1861 it was 'hold the fort.' Today it's Fort holds you."

Gov. Fort's proclamation of last week containing his threat to send troops to the seashore in the event of a further violation of the Sunday closing law, had its full effect.

SAY USURPER IS PRISONER

Deposed Sultan of Morocco Suffers from Collapse.

Tangier, Aug. 28.—Various reports are current here as to the purposes of Abd-El-Aziz, the deposed sultan. Some rumors say he is suffering from nervous collapse and that his sole desire is to leave the country while, according to other dispatches, he is planning to reorganize his army and continue the struggle against Mulai Hafid.

A native report sent in here from Settat says that Mulai Hafid has been captured by General Bagdani, the leader of the forces under Abd-El-Aziz, but this rumor is discredited.

SULTAN STILL CONQUERS

Position of Abd-El-Aziz Continues to Improve.

Casablanca, Aug. 31.—The position of Abd-El-Aziz, the sultan of record, who recently met defeat at the hands of the forces of Mulai Hafid, is improving. Advices confirm the defeat of Caid Glaoi, one of Hafid's strongest adherents, by the Shragna tribesmen, followers of Abd-El-Aziz, and word comes also that Tougi, one of the chiefs who recently joined the forces of Abd-El-Aziz, is sweeping all before him and, according to the report, has now surrounded Morocco City.

WOMAN IS DROWNED

Hardin, Ills., Aug. 31.—A skiff containing five persons was run down and cut in two last night in the Illinois river by the yacht Mayflower, and Mrs. May Appleman, of Alton, was drowned. She was knocked unconscious and sank immediately following the crash.

FIVE BOYS ARE MISSING

Have Not Been Seen Since They Went Rowing.

San Francisco, Aug. 29.—Five young men, members of a rowing club, who started out Thursday afternoon from their club house for a row in the bay in a racing shell, have not been seen since, and it is feared that all have been drowned. The empty shell was found last night.

A careful search of the bay is being made for them. The young men are Bert Frye, Gwen Henly, Frank Maguire, Parker Ashford and Robert Haslett. All are residents of this city.

BURNS AS FIREMEN PLAY

$2,000,000 Worth of New Orleans Property Destroyed

New Orleans, Aug. 31.—Fire ,which broke out in the center of the commercial quarter yesterday afternoon, swept over portions of three blocks, destroying a large number of wholesale houses, manufacturing plants and small stores. Loss, $2,000,000.

When the alarm was turned in the New Orleans firemen were in the midst of their annual picnic at a suburban park, and the engines and patrols responded with a mere handful of men. It was fully an hour before the department was in a position to make anything like a successful fight against the flames.

AGED VET'S LONG TRAMP

Gives Up at Defiance After Walking From Springfield.

Defiance, O., Aug. 27.—Footsore and weary, Joseph Myers, a veteran of the civil and Mexican wars, walking from Springfield, Ill., where he was called by the illness of his son, to the Soldiers' home at Sandusky, was compelled to ask relief from the township trustees yesterday. He is 89 years of age and tells a story of many hardships endured in his long tramp. The local officials gave him bed, food and transportation to Sandusky.

KIDNAPED GIRL IS FOUND

Black Hand Had Abandoned Two-Year-Old Child.

Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—Abandoned by kidnapers, supposed to be members of a Black Hand gang, Rocchina Mazzarello, 2-year old daughter of Frank Mazzarello, a rag dealer of this city, who was stolen from her home Tuesday, was found late yesterday in woods near South Westville, N. J., covered with mud and suffering from exposure.

CROATIAN LEADER MISSING

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 31.—George A. Skrivani, leader of the Croatians of Western Pennsylvania has been missing from his home, which was also his private bank, steamship agency and publishing office, since Friday afternoon and members of his family believe that he has either been killed or driven to self destruction by persecution. A New York Croatian newspaper, it is alleged, has for several months been atacking him in a way that greatly preyed upon his mind.

INCENDIARY FIRE FATAL

Lebanon, O., Aug. 31.—William Atchley, an octogenarian, was probably fatally burned, his aged and invalid wife received serious burns and the two narrowly escaped with their lives from an incendiary fire that destroyed their home near Monroe, west of here, early yesterday morning. An investigation showed that oil soaked rags and shavings had been placed in various corners of a little shed near the house. The cause for the deed is a mystery. Atchley is in a precarious condition. His wife may recover.

ELKS BURY TONY PASTOR

New York, Aug. 31.—Funeral services over the body of Tony Pastor were held yesterday under the auspices of New York lodge, of Elks. Elks from Philadelphia and Boston, from the Actors' Society of America and the Lambs' club escorted the remains to Evergreen cemetery.

50,000 VISITORS MONDAY

Grand Army Throngs Invade Toledo and Find It a Willing Captive.

Entering the gates of the city by every portal, and pouring out into the adjacent streets in an unending mass, yet soon dissipating themselves into nothing again by all sorts of conveyances to reconverge again at the various headquarters, 50,000 strangers arrived in Toledo up to noon Monday. One hundred thousand are expected to be here by Tuesday morning, and as many more, it is believed, will pillow their heads in Toledo Tuesday night.

Marching bands, chering veterans, flying flags, movement, activity, hustle, bustle and color of every kind mark Toledo today as the center of the universe insofar as the Grand Army of the Republic is concerned.

"Great, great, grand and glorious," is the sentiment expressed by the arriving thousands as they gaze at Toledo decked out in her finery. "Great, great, grand and glorious," declare the men who have worked so hard to make the encampment a success, as they see the oncoming hosts. Fourteen special trains arrived in the city today and flying over the steel rails are scores of others to arrive tonight and tomorrow.

The lobbies of the big hotels can be no better pictured than to describe them as "seething masses" of humanity; the people composing them weave in and out, in and around, before and between, constantly going somewhere, yet apparently never getting anywhere, just like a swarm of active bees that have alighted on a branch of a tree. And the streets show as pleasing a picture to the eye. They are filled to overflowing even now with a good-natured, happy crowd, nearly everybody bedecked with some sort of unique badge, or wearing a regalia or uniform.

The railway stations and the interurban stations are packed. Veterans and their families are thronging the city in its every section. Some are straight as new pins and carry themselves as erect as they did forty years ago; others are crippled and bent, but all are happy. There is a constant procession in search of department headquarters, and the day is being given over to reaching them, being badged properly, and renewing old friendships. Commander Burton and his staff are busy while the candidates for the office of commander-in-chief are willing to buttonhole any delegate or friend of a delegate who comes within reach.

Early on the Ground.

Both men and women leaders in the Grand Army and in the Woman's Relief Corps were early on the ground and their headquarters are filled every minute with enthusiastic friends and supporters, aides and their friends. The streets and the hotels show a multitude that comes from every section of the country, of every kind of people, of every color and of many races, veterans of the civil war, their friends and families.

The departments which have opened headquarters are Alabama, Arkansas, California and Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Potomac, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington and Alaska.

Ransom post, of St. Louis, one of the most prominent in the country, has opened headquarters in the Boody house. The post members will carry blue silk guidons in the parade. Frank T. Blair post, of St. Louis, will arrive this afternoon. Columbia post, of Chicago, will arrive at 4:30 o'clock. U. S. Grant post, of Chicago, will be here today. Thomas and Grant posts, of Cincinnati, will also come in this afternoon. Memorial post of Cleveland will come by boat, arriving this evening.

Among the prominent arrivals since Sunday noon are Ex-Governor Samuel R. San Sant, of Minneapolis, candidate for commander-in-chief, and Past Commander-in-Chief James Tanner, of Washington, D. C. Others are due to arrive today.

DIXIE HERO IS DEAD

Confederate General Succumbs to Infirmities of Old Age.

LIEUT GEN. A.P. STEWART
C.S.A.

Biloxi, Miss., Aug. 31.—Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, one of the last two surviving lieutenant generals of the Confederate army, died in his home here yesterday. Although he was in his eighty-seventh year and suffering from the infirmities of old age, Stewart's death, due to heart dicease, came as a shock to his relatives and friends.

A native of Tennessee, the general lived the greater part of his life in that state, but of late had been making his home here. He was born at Rogersville, Hawkins county, Tennessee, October 2, 1821, and received his early education in that state. Later he was appointed to the United States military academy at West Point, and was graduated with honors from that institution in June, 1842. He was made a second lieutenant of the Third United States artillery, and later was transferred to West Point. Resigning from the army in 1845 Stewart accepted the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy at Cumberland university.

At the outbreak of the civil war he was commissioned as a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, made a major-general in 1863, and received his commission as a lieutenant general one year later. The close of the war found him in command of the Army of the Tennessee.

General Stewart married at Warren, O., in 1845, Miss Harriet B. Chase.

The body was shipped to St. Louis, where the funeral will be held Wednesday.

WARSHIPS LEAVE SYDNEY

Thousands Bid Farewell to the American Fleet.

Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 27.—The fleet of American battleships sailed away this morning for Melbourne. The sky was cloudless, the sun warm and only a moderate sea was running. Thousands gathered to bid the fleet farewell.

Sydney gave her best to make the stay of the Americans in this port memorable. For six days the officers and men were feted and entertained in every conceivable manner, and not one untoward incident occurred to mar this notable event in Sydney's history.

FOR NATIONAL STORAGE.

Wool Growers Act to Establish a Central Market.

Salt Lake, Utah, Aug. 27.—Resolutions approving the plan for national storage of the western wool crop were adopted unanimously by the executive committee of the National Wool Growers' association. The president of the association was authorized to name a committee to select a city where a central store market will be established and to form a corporation.

SILK WORTH $10000 STOLEN

Enough to Fill Two Vans Taken From Warehouse.

New York, Aug. 27.—Ten thousand dollars' worth of silk cloth, enough to fill two vans, was stolen from the warehouse of Katz & Quint, in East Twentieth street, last night.

WORLD-WIDE EASE IN MONEY FEATURE OF STOCK MARKET

New York, Aug. 31.—In his weekly letter on the condition of the stock market, Henry Clews says:

Last week's excessive plunging operations fortunately created only a temporary disturbance, incidentally they proved the hazardous position of the short side of the market. There are comparatively few stocks for sale; partly because investors and the public recognize that recuperation is the order of the day, and partly because the big operators are opposing any important reaction at this time. As long as improvement in industrial and mercantile affairs continues it will be difficult to check the present hopeful temper which prevails in financial circles. Wall street always looks far ahead, and is now actively discounting all the improvement that is likely to take place before next January. It may be overdiscounting that probability; but if so, it is only moving in accordance with precedent.

By far the most important element in the stock market just now is the world-wide ease in money. This ease is not so much a consequence of increase in the gold supply as some would have us believe, although that factor cannot be ignored. The present glutted condition of the money market is chiefly attributable to the accumulation of funds which always follows a panic, regardless of the production of gold. Business activity has been at a minimum, and funds came out of hoarding as confidence revived. These two movements caused a piling up of idle funds in the banks, which now hold extraordinary reserves in spite of the fact that the crop movement has begun, and that usually currency is flowing freely to the west and south at this season. They also account for the record-breaking accumulation of gold in the American and European banks more than the enormous production of the Rand district. What is the effect of such an accumulation of idle funds? The owners must inevitably seek better employment than afforded by current low rates on call and time money. Since confidence, though rising, is not fully restored and caution is necessary in making investments, credit expands slowly. Only the best borrowers and the best proposals are welcome at the bank. Discrimination is still necessary, the result being that large holders of idle money are obliged to invest in the better class of securities. Money can be much more profitably employed in these lines than in ordinary lending; good investments thus become scarce, and the big speculator with an abundance of cheap money at his command is afforded an unusual opportunity. This explains the present stubbornness of the market to yield to artificial pressure, also the strong undertone shown in the faceo f unfavorable news. Cheap money is not only a powerful but under the circumstances it is the most natufal stimulant to business that could be expected. With the prospect of low rates of interest for several months to come there is little chance for any important reaction in either financial or mercantile circles, certainly not until money rates advance or reaction is produced from causes not yet apparent.

The course of foreign exchange will be watched with unusual interest this autumn. Lately there has been a better supply of cotton and grain bills, Europe being a large buyer of cotton and wheat. Trade conditions favor small imports and liberal exports, or a large excess of the latter in our favor; therefore it is a matter of interesting conjecture as to how Europe will settle her indebtedness to us. It is probable that our obligations abroad, which were so heavy in 1907, have been largely settled, and it is abroad to pile up to any extent when lower than here. Moreover, Europe is not inclined to send back American securities, when it is recognized that we are on the up-grade. There seems to be no alternative then, but for us to take gold in payment for our products, little as we are in need of the precious metal. In fact, it would be beneficial if we could return the balance of our takings of last year, and if these are to remain and be augmented the effect cannot be otherwise than stimulating to the American markets.

Toward the close of the week bullish tendencies again asserted themselves. The failure of bearish operations and the forced covering of shorts, backed by the ease of money and rise of confidence referred to above, gave a fresh impetus to the upward movement, and induced renewed buying of stock. Support came from the same quarters which have been on the long side of the market for weeks past, and there were no particular evidences of important inside selling, notwithstanding the probability that the leaders have plenty of stocks to sell on the rise. Now that opposition to the advance has been practically exhausted, it remains to be seen what the bulls will do with a market which just at this time appears to be completely under their control. Among the favorable features of the week were a slightly better demand for iron products, some improvement in railroad traffic, a more hopeful feeling in business circles, the prompt absorption of the Atchison bonds, the strength of the Harriman stocks and a further rise in the Bank of England reserve. All the European banks it will be noted are accumulating gold, and combined they are carrying the largest stocks of the precious metal on record. Our crop situation continues satisfactory. Corn is making good progress, and if early frost is escaped a full crop at profitable prices is almost a certainty. Wheat is also threshing out better than expected and now justifies the earlier expectations of a full yield. Oats are somewhat of a disappointment, and cotton has been injured to the extent of up to 6 points during the past month. In the agricultural, industrial, mercantile, financial and political fields all the tendencies are of a hopeful character. Stocks, however, are now very high, and offer tempting profits to holders of long standing. A further advance may be in prospect; but those with big gains are likely to step out before long and leave what profits remain to the late buyers. Investors may therefore await more favorable opportunities, while speculative buyers will have to exercise much discretion.

FORMER U. S. CONSUL DEAD

New York, Aug. 27.—John Reyloids, of Montclair, N. J., United States consul at Florence, Italy, from 1888 until 1897, died in a hospital in this city today, following an operation for cancer.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 29.—Bradstreet's says: "Buyers are more in evidence this week, and, as a result, business has expanded measurably at leading western and Pacific coast points and at a few southern centers. Some western cities note evidence of new life in buying by southern and southwestern merchants of fall and winter goods. Incidentally, some new stocks are reported being bought at Chicago, which is rather in contrast with a year ago, when coming depression had already begun to make for precaution in embarking in new enterprises. Despite the improvement, however, the volume of business doing does not equal that of last season, and conservatism and caution are still visible.

"Retail trade is dull the country over. Industry tends to increase in activity, though slowly, but the current production is still below anticipations in many instances. Lumber production has, however, shown expansion at the south and on the Pacific coast. Money has begun to flow to the country to move the crops, but otherwise the demand is light and rates are very easy. High-grade commercial paper is in notably light supply, and evidence that new mercantile operations are being governed by conservatism. Crops generally have made fair progress toward maturity.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ended August 27, number 222, against 236 last week, 167 in the like week of 1907, 133 in 1906, 161 in 1905 and 189 in 1904. Canadian failures for the same period number 27, as against 39 last week and 29 last year.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 31.—The break in wheat Saturday resulted in moderate sales here this morning, with only a fairly easy opening. However, important buying influences in Chicago cast a firm feeling over the local exchange and there were a number of transfers, all comparatively small. Foreign cables quoted prices at a lower level, advices saying that Liverpool and Paris were greatly influenced by the American market disturbances Saturday. Car shipments from the northwest were surprisingly light, indicating that the growers are determined to hold their new crops until after the tide rises.

Coarse grains received a sharp setback, both corn and oats selling at declines of 1 to 1½ cents. However, such sales were light, attention being directed to wheat conditions. Patten and Armour interests in Chicago bought up all available corn this morning.

Predictions of frost in the Dakotas will tend to a firmer opening tomorrow. Advices from that territory that threshing is progressing rapidly and crops, with exception of oats, are far above average. The visible supply in Chicago shows a decrease in wheat of 542,000 bu. and prospects for increased movement from northwest hang on prices offered the growers. Corn on hand is 182,000 bu. more than last week and available oats is up 437,000.

Corn opened unchanged to ¼c lower today, but the undertone was firm. September opened at 81½c and remained firm.

Lower prices featured the oats trade, September opening was 47⅝c, ⅝c off from Saturday. December ½c.

Prices in clover seed were considerably lower at today's opening, October showing a drop to $6.10 from $6.17½. Sharp declines followed, at the close was $6.02½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug. 31.	Aug. 29.
Wheat—				Close—	
Cash	95	95¾	95	95¾	95
Sept.	95	96¾	95	95¾	95
Dec.	96⅞	97⅛	96⅝	97⅛	96⅝
May	1.00½	1.00¾	1.00½	1.00¾	1.00¼
Corn—					
Sept.	81½	....	....	81½	81½
Dec.	65⅜	67⅛	65¾	67	66
May	64¾	....	....	65¼	64½
Oats—					
Sept.	49⅜	49⅜	48¾	49¾	49¾
Dec.	49⅜	49⅞	49⅜	49⅞	49⅞
May	51¾	51⅞	51⅛	51⅞	51⅜
Clover Seed—					
Oct.	6.10	6.10	6.02½	6.02½	6.17½
Dec.	6.12½	6.12½	6.05	6.05	6.20½
March	6.25	6.25	6.17½	6.17½	6.32½
Rye—					
Cash	....	....	....	76¼	76
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	1.65	1.70
Sept.	....	....	....	1.65	1.70
Alsike—					
Aug.	8.90	8.90	8.85	8.85	8.90
Oct.	8.90	8.90	8.85	8.85	8.90

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	94¼	95¼	94¼	95¼	94⅝
Dec.	94⅝	95¼	94¼	95¼	94½
May	98	98¾	97⅞	98⅝	98¼
Corn—					
Sept.	77⅞	77⅞	76⅞	77⅞	77⅝
Dec.	66⅛	67⅛	66	67⅜	64¼
May	64¼	65⅛	64	65	63¾
Oats—					
Sept.	48¾	49¼	48⅝	49¼	49
Dec.	49	49⅝	48⅞	49⅝	49⅛
May	50⅜	51	50⅜	51⅜	51

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.01⅜	1.02¾	1.01¾	1.02¾	1.01¾
Dec.	1.02⅜	1.03½	1.02⅜	1.03½	1.02⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	....	....	....	89¼	89⅜
Dec.	77¼	78⅛	77¼	78⅛	77⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	94½	95	94⅜	95	94¼
Dec.	94¾	95¼	94⅜	95¼	94⅜
Pork—					
Sept.	14.75	14.75	14.62	14.72	14.65
Oct.	14.85	14.87	14.75	14.87	14.77
Jan.	16.20	16.27	16.15	16.27	16.10
Lard—					
Sept.	9.37	9.47	9.37	9.47	9.35
Oct.	9.45	9.57	9.45	9.55	9.45
Jan.	9.40	9.47	9.40	9.47	9.35
Ribs—					
Sept.	8.87	9.00	8.87	8.97	8.85
Oct.	8.97	9.07	8.97	9.05	8.95
Jan.	8.40	8.42	8.37	8.62	8.32

New York Stocks.

New York, Aug. 31, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Loco. com	57¾	58	57	57⅞
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	136¼	137⅝	136	137½
Atchison	91¼	91⅜	91	91⅜
Am. Car & F. Co	41⅝	41	41	41¼
Anaconda	48⅝	49¼	48½	48⅞
Amal. Copper	51¼	51⅞	51⅛	51¼
Am. Smelters	98¾	100¼	98¾	99⅝
Am. Woolen Co	24	....	....	24
Alton com.	23	....	....	23
Allis-Chal. pfd.	36	....	....	36
Am. Tobacco pfd	94¼	....	....	94¼
Am. Ice Sec	29⅝	30⅞	29¼	29⅞
Biscuit com.	39⅝	....	....	39¾
Balt. & Ohio	95¾	95⅝	95¼	95¾
B'lyn R. Trans	54⅛	55	53⅝	54¼
Chicago & G. W	6⅝	6¾	6⅛	6⅛
Canadian Pac	177¼	177¾	176½	176⅞
Clover Leaf	26½	....	....	26⅛
Clover Leaf pfd	67⅜	....	....	67⅜
Colorado Fuel	39¾	39¾	36⅞	37⅜
Ches. & Ohio	42¾	42⅞	42¼	42⅝
Central Leather	28⅞	28⅞	28¼	28⅝
Consolidated Gas	146	147⅜	145¼	146⅞
Del. & Hudson	171	....	....	171
Distillers' Sec.	37	....	....	37
Erie com.	23¾	24	23¾	24
Erie 1st pfd	39⅜	39⅝	39½	39½
Gt. Northern pfd	138½	138⅝	137¾	138
Ill. Central	139½	139⅝	139¼	139⅝
Interborough com	12¼	12¼	12	12¼
Interborough pfd	34¼	34¼	34	34¼
K. C. Sou. com	25¾	....	....	25¾
Louis. & Nash	109½	110⅛	109½	110⅛
Mex. Central	16	....	....	16
Missouri Pacific	58¾	58¾	58¼	58¾
M., K. & T., com	32⅝	33	32½	32⅝
North. Pacific	144½	144½	143⅞	144
National Lead	86¼	87⅛	86¼	86⅜
N. Y. Air Brake	82	83	82	82⅞
Northwestern	165	165	162	163
N. Y. Central	106¼	106¼	106	106⅛
N. & W., com	75	75½	74⅜	75½
Ont. & Western	43	....	....	43
Penn. Ry.	126⅜	126⅝	126⅜	126⅝
People's Gas Co	97⅛	97¼	96¾	97⅛
Reading, com.	129⅝	129¾	128⅝	129¾
Rock Island	17½	....	....	17½
Rock Island, pfd	35¼	35¼	35	35
Rep. I. & S. Co	24¾	24½	24¾	24⅜
Rep., pfd.	81½	81½	81⅜	81⅜
South. Ry.	19¾	19¾	19½	19¾
South. Ry., pfd	49½	....	....	49½
St. Paul	145⅛	145¾	144⅜	145¼
Southern Pacific	108	107⅝	105¾	107⅜
Texas Pacific	25½	25¾	25¼	25¾
Union Pacific	164½	164⅝	163¼	164⅜
U. S. Steel	47¾	47⅞	47¼	47⅞
U. S. Steel, pfd	112¾	112¾	111⅞	112
Virginia Chem.	29	29½	29	29½
Wabash, com.	12⅜	12⅜	12⅜	12⅝
Western Union	55⅜	....	....	55⅝
Wis. Central, com	24	24¼	24	24¼

Money and Stocks.

New York, Aug. 31.—(Wall Street.)—The first transactions in stocks were at higher prices than on Saturday with very few exceptions. Heavy blocks of some of the favorite trading stocks changed hands, but their gains were restricted to small fractions. Brooklyn Transit, Colorado Fuel, Republic Steel preferred and Westinghouse Electric rose 1 and United States Steel preferred and Consolidated Gas large fractions.

The market reacted when the opening purchases had been completed, but when the list had receded to about where it left off Saturday, large orders for the copper stocks appeared and the advance was renewed. The specialties were the chief features of the trading. Chicago, Great Western preferred A advanced 6 points, Westinghouse Electric 5½, Norfolk & Western preferred and General Electric 2, American Smelting and New York Air Brake 1¾, National Lead 1¼, St. Louis Southwestern preferred and American Ice 1¼, and Northwestern, New Haven, Amalgamated Copper and Anaconda 1.

Prices reacted sharply when the advances in the specialties were checked. Railroad stocks sold at fractional declines from last week's New York prices. Trading became dull and prices steadied. Consolidated Gas rose 1¾, Brooklyn Union Gas 1½ and Utah Copper 1¼. Bonds were strong.

Fluctuations in the well known stocks were unimportant, but there was a firmer undertone to the market, owing to the strength shown by some of the minor specialties. Central Railroad of New Jersey and Third Avenue improved 3, Colorado Fuel 1¾, and Southern Pacific preferred, Interborough-Metropolitan preferred and American Smelting preferred, 1.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Aug. 31.—Hog market today was 10c to 10c higher for the best grades. Reports were favorable from all points. Pigs and light weight grassers were no higher, both the local packing and shipping trade fighting clear of this kind.

Everything of decent quality sold early and market closed firm at the advance.

Two cars of cattle were received but the market was slow. Sheep and lambs were weak.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $7.15; mediums, $7.10@7.15; Yorkers, $6.85@7.05; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $6.